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THE

WOODEN WORLD

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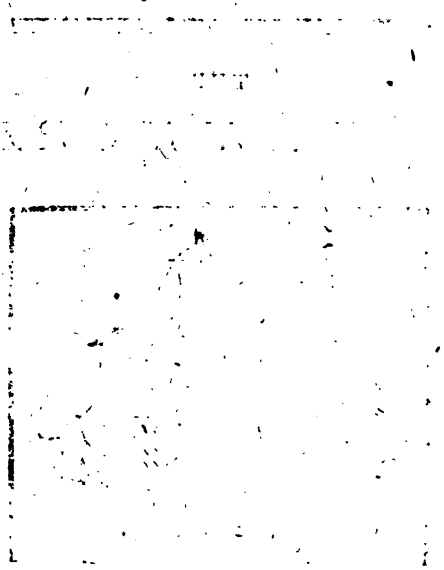

THE

WOODEN WORLD

DISSECTED;

IN THE

CHARACTER

OF A

SHIP OF WAR.

AS ALSO THE

CHARACTERS OF ALL THE OFFICERS,

FROM THE

CAPTAIN TO THE COMMON SAILOR.

VIZ.

A Sea Captain,
A Sea Lieutenant,
A Sea Chaplain,
The Master of a Ship of War,
The Purser,
The Surgeon,
The Gunner,
The Carpenter,
The Boatswain,
A Sea Cook,
A Midshipman,
The Captain's Steward,
And a Sailor.

A NEW EDITION.

London,

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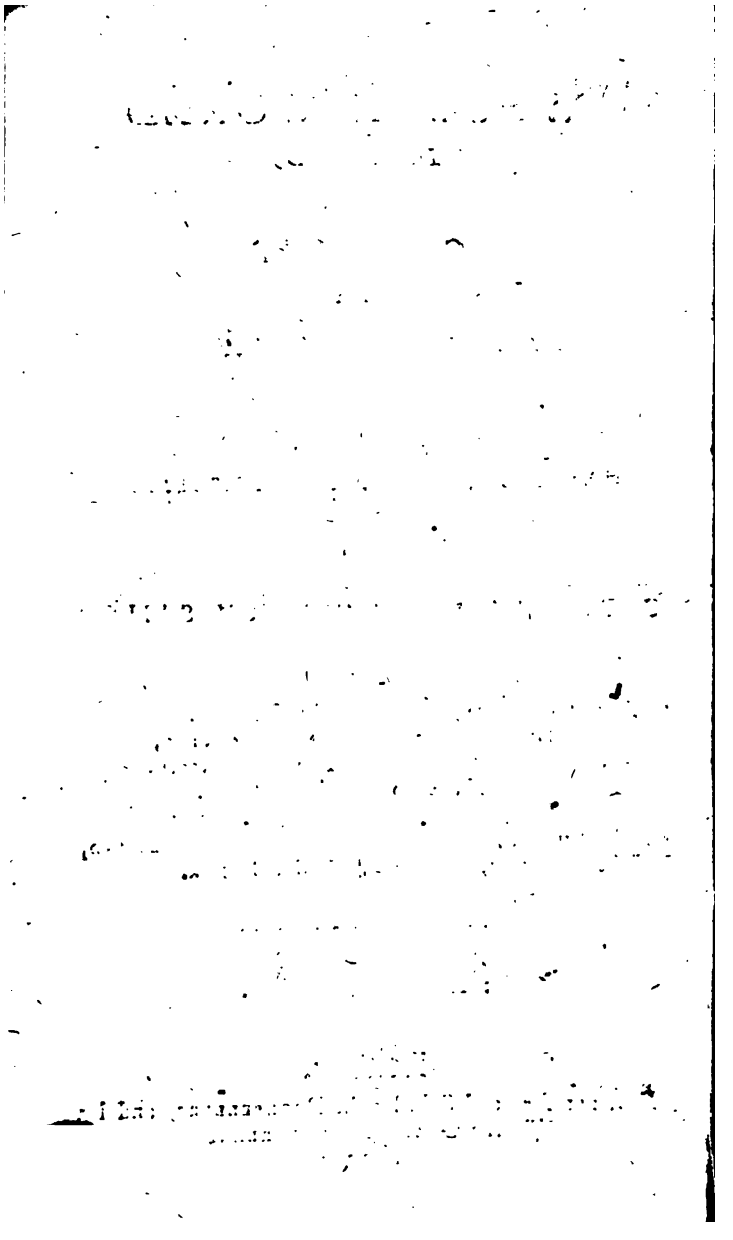

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN,

GREETING,

Worſhipful & no Worſhipful Gentlemen,

YOU all know, that ſcarce can a royal ſhip be ſooner built and launched from the ſtocks, but ſtreight we have ten thouſand pictures of her drawn, and diſperſed round the iſland, by ſome or other topping dawber of ſign-poſts.

But never yet, I think, has one bold hand attempted to delineate thoſe more noble internal parts, that give this ſtupendous wooden animal all its various motions; a taſk much more elevated, difficult, and profitable, than the other.——

Now I, Gentlemen, being bound by I don't know how many ties, have offered at this moſt generous enterprize, not out of any bye-ends of gaining your worſhps' good word (when an occaſion offers) but purely to advance and blow about your fame, and your moſt remarkable excellencies.

I never durſt flatter myſelf with the beſotted hopes of drawing you correctly; all I did, or could propoſe, was

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by this rough draught of my untutor'd pencil, to excite some renowned worthy to do you juſtice, and draw you all perfect as you are; which will certainly give infinite ſatisfaction to your zealous ſervant, that wiſhes you, gentlemen, with all his ſoul, as perfectly known to our Illuſtrious Hero, and the whole nation, as you are to him, who is,

GENTLEMEN,

YOUR REAL FRIEND,

AND FAITHFUL SERVANT,

MANLY PLAIN-DEALER.

TO THE

READER.

FINDING, ſome few days paſt, the warmth and ſerenity of the air begin to change a-pace, and wet, thick, cloudy weather pop in at once upon us, I began to caſt about, which way I had beſt provide againſt ſo threatning dull a ſeaſon.

After a few penſive wavering thoughts, at length I fixed on that of painting, which is by all allowed to be no leſs ingenious than diverting; but for it many a gentleman would have abundance of idle hours, and dirty days, lie heavy on his hands, which, by this harmleſs amuſement, are neither felt nor thought on.

As for the following piece, it was the firſt that offered to my fancy, and appeared to me altogether new; and though the materials are very common and ordinary, yet not ſo ordinary, but that they can fully anſwer the end propoſed; which is, to draw the picture of the moſt glorious piece of the creation, called A TAR, which no colours can perform ſo well to the life, as black and white; for thoſe juſtly diſpoſed, produce figures much more agreeable and diverting, than all the other colours of the rainbow.

It is eaſy to perceive that there is no one particular here deſign'd; and generals do always admit of exceptions. We have ſome captains in the navy, as much the glory of our iſle, as are the ſhips they command; I need not trumpet forth their names, for they give ſuch daily

proofs of their courage, ſtability, generoſity, juſtice, and probity, as make them ſufficiently known to all good men, and raiſeth them above the cenſure of the malicious.

But theſe exceptions being not many, no more does prejudice the juſtneſs of theſe enſuing deſcriptions, than Balaam and Lucian's aſſes do the ſtated definition of that remarkable creature, That it is an animal ſuperlatively grave and thoughtful, but was never once heard to ſpeak three words of ſenſe or reaſon.

As for the performance itſelf, it is but an eſſay, nay, only the firſt rude ſtrokes of a novice; and fam'd Kneller, no doubt, when firſt he touched the pencil, brought forth ſuch imperfect productions, as required the hand of a penman below, to make his deſign legible.

But the rough draught of a novice is the devil, you'll ſay! I own it: I perceive full well, there's none of the characters, but what are a great deal ſhort of their full height, that a multitude of lively ſtrokes are wanting in each; and even thoſe that are hit, which the dignity of the perſonages does merit.

But the plain truth is, being, by an unexpected turn, commanded over the hills and far away, and all mankind knowing, that wind and tide will wait for nobody, I am, by all this, ſo ſtinted, that there has been but very little more time allotted to the compoſing, then many would aſk to the bare tranſcribing of the work.

Permit it, therefore, as it is, to hang in view of the Horſe-Guards, Meuſe-Gate, Bread-Street Corner, or ſome ſuch eminent place of ſale, till more leiſure, or a better hand amend it.

Portſmouth, Auguſt 24th, 1760.

THE

CHARACTER

OF A

SHIP of WAR.

IT is a wooden World, fabricated by the frail hand of MAN, and yet it is of more firm contexture than the great one, if we may believe old Sages, who tell us this would drop to pieces, if but one atom only was wanting; whereas our wooden Creation holds fast together, when battered worse than a bawdy-house.

It is Noah's Ark improved to the best advantage, with all the tame beasts garbled out, that hate the smell of gun powder.

It is a floating castle, or airy fortress rather, being governed by the motions of the wind, and flies so fast, that no bird in nature, but a woodcock, can hold way with it.

It is the most admirable swimming contrivance that ever mortal thought brought forth, for the ruin of all who long for it; as far surpassing both in design and success, the quondam bawdy-house on the Thames, as St. Paul's church does Dr Burgess's conventicle.

It is the great bridge of the ocean, conveying over to all habitable places, death, pox, and drunkenness; and brings back in return, all the foreign vices that we are strangers to in our own country.

It is the great wooden-horſe of nature, for the accommodation of all ſuch as want to ride poſt-haſte from one world to the other.

It is the ſovereign of the aquatic globe, giving deſpotic laws to all the meaner fry that live upon that ſhining empire.

It is the new Bridewell of the Nation, where all the incorrigible raſcals are ſent to wear out ropes, and make more work for the hempen-wives in London.

It is the Chriſtian ſanctuary for non-ſolvent debtors, and unfortunate whore-maſters, who are no leſs ſecured here than miſcreants of old at the horns of the altar.

It is Old Nick's academy, where the ſeven liberal ſciences of ſwearing, drinking, thieving, whoring, killing, couzening and back-biting, are taught to full perfection.

It is the mighty guardian of our Iſland, defending us all around from foreign dangers, as watchfully as a maſtiff does an orchard.

It is the grand patron of all mechanic traders, by ſinking and deſtroying one half of their manufactures, to bring the other half to a good market.

It is the grand benefactor to ſhipping and ſailors, by caſing them of part of their cargo, that they may the better run from danger, and taking care of their men when the toilſome voyage is over.

It is the illuſtrious emblem of vain man, who fancies himſelf immortal in his children, becauſe they are called by his name; when God knows, they have ſcarce one inch of timber of the fabric they are chriſtened by; the new ſovereign being no more the old one, than a cabbage is a horſe, becauſe ſprung from horſe-dung.

In fine, it is Beelzebub's grand arſenal, where you meet ſo much tumult, thunder, fire, and ſmoak, ſometimes, that Old Nick himſelf, cannot tell which way to turn himſelf.

Here lies all the infernal engines that caſt forth Lucifer's thunder-bolts, ranged in rows, like the ſurgeon's galley-pots; and hard it is to tell which of either doth the moſt execution; what the firſt miſſeth, the other makes ſure of, and both together ſend more poor ſouls to the de-

go, than the very devils themselves do. Hence we may infer too, that it is old Charon's plague, sending him more at once than he can turn his hands to, and put him upon the modern invention of rafting the poor souls astern like water-casks.

Some compare her to a common-wealth, and carry the allegory from the vane down to the keelson, and from his worship the Captain as low as the very swabbers. But that sage hit it hell undoubtedly, who compared a ship to a woman.

Not that for both are of the female gender; not for that she is very apt to be leaky; not for that her pump-dale smells strongest when she has the soundest bottom; but chiefly because her rigging and fitting forth, is always worth double her carcase.

She is commonly in her dishabille, till the time she appears at Spithead, and there she looks more charming than a painted whore in a side-box.

To this grand rendezvous of wooden beauties, come oft-times fat country 'squires, led by the same curiosity that draws them to the Tower in term-time, to see his Majesty's wild beasts.

Nor do ladies disdain to pay visits hither, when Epsom and the Bath are out of season, for variety is the happiness of life; and oft have they found by experience, that the heaving and setting in a man of war, is much more efficacious than Spa water.

To give one general definition of the inhabitants of this wooden wonder, is difficult, because they belong to various regions, there being as many graduated mansions in her, as is betwixt us and the empyreal heaven; they can't be all flesh, that is certain, because many of them live under water; and yet, though they both eat and sleep there, they have no more gills than an oyster.

They are a strange generation of mortals, that is certain; for they feed and sleep in their shell, like worms in a nut; and the more they eat, still the more they enlarge their quarters.

They are ten times more populous than a Dutch common-wealth, and have a thousand times less of their own

growth to live upon; and yet the States-General, God bless them, scoff not much better than they do.

In fine, they are the chaff of the world, being tossed here and there by every blast that bloweth. When they walk, they swing their corps like a pendulum, and believe it the most upright steady motion. They are sure to walk firm, where all other creatures tumble; and seldom can keep their legs long, when they get upon terra firma.

I have kept you thus sailing without board, purely till the captain be ready to receive us: let us enter now a God's name, and see what a reception his honour will give.

THE CHARACTER OF A

SEA CAPTAIN.

HE is a Leviathan, or rather a kind of Sea-god, whom the poor Tars worship as the Indians do the devil, more through fear than affection; nay, some will have it, that he is more a devil than the devil himself.

Old Nick has so much conscience, they say, as to allow all his slaves their hire; and lets them many times possess more than their due dividend of human enjoyments; but this ruler of the roast has so little Christian honesty, as to force the sailors, not only to work, watch, and fight, but even starve too, for his sole advantage: puts them upon a thousand extra services, and works of supererogation, and afterwards sends them to the devil for a reward, if they but barely offer to ask one.

His extraction is not from the dung-hill, that is certain; for his dad in a drunken frolic, begot him at sea; and thence comes his eager inclination to wine and gunpowder ever after.

Though it is commonly said of him, that he is better fed than taught, yet he fully makes up the poverty of his

education, with that of his endowments; for he is commonly a man of many talents; he relies far more upon these than book-knowledge, and accounts all literature very impertinent, that tends not directly to the doubling of a penny.

The great cabin is the sanctum sanctorum he inhabits; from this all mortals are excluded by a marine, with a brandished sword, who guards this bird of Paradise, as watchfully as the centries do the geese in St. James's Park.

Sometimes a humble supplicant is admitted to the threshold, ushered in by the barber, the master of his ceremonies; and while this poor mendicant addresses him with fear and trembling, this son of Boreas (that he might not daunt the creature too much) looks round, and turns his stern-post directly upon him.

It must be a great change of weather indeed, when he deigns to walk the quarter-deck, for such a prostitution of his presence, he thinks, weakens his authority, and makes his worship less reverenced by the ship's crew.

Here he is easily distinguished from all besides; for his steps bear proportion with the height of his post, stalking along with grave state, like the ghost in the libertine.

Upon his first popping up, the Lieutenants sheer off to the other side, as if he was a ghost indeed; for it is impudence for any to approach him within the length of a boat hook.

By this servile obeisance, one would fancy him some constellation dropt from the clouds, or that at least he was monarch of far more territories than ever he touched at in all his voyagings.

He fulfils to a tittle the never-failing proverb: Set a beggar on horseback, he'll ride to Peg Cranium's; for being once mounted his wooden steed, there is no stopping his career, for he makes every thing sheer before him.

He is an everlasting admirer of that old saying: Familiarity breeds contempt; which he takes in so extensive a sense, that he allows no distinction betwixt an officer and a swabber; exacting infinitely more submission from his lieutenant, than he will allow to God Almighty.

In fine, looking all around, and seeing his spot of territory incircled with salt-water, he fancies himself as great a prince as the prince of Great-Britain.

This pride of his is the only sea-sickness that he is plagued with, and which intoxicates him to that degree, that he neither knows himself, nor others; but it holds him no longer than while he is abroad. Remove him ashore once, and his brains grow settled, and he becomes your humble servant in an instant.

He projects more trifling innovations in his ship, than a shop politician does in the state: nothing he believes was ever rightly done till he took place; and they that know him better than he does himself, won't allow him to be an inch better man than those that flourished in honest Van Trump's days.

These were the days when plain-dealing reigned, when Manly and Freeman lived like friends together, and merit shined with lustre, more than gold; but now the purse-proud Captain looks asquint on all that chance has placed below him.

Formerly a well mann'd side, with one officer alone, was thought a sufficient token of respect, but now every officer must run at midnight to receive their chief, though he comes aboard as drunk as a beggar. What can we expect less in the succeeding year, than that his great proxy, the first Lieutenant, attend his waters purely to prevent an interregnum? For some, God knows, have had the unhappy fate to part with their sir—and their lives together.

He complies with his printed instructions as precisely as the chaplain does with the rules of the gospel. His will is a law, that is certain, and it is his will to act contrary to law; for who dare say to him, What does thou?

But how absolute soever his command is abroad, he has a check-mate at home, that oft-times raises such a hurricane as to drive him from his moorings; and then it is a hundred to one if he can bring up before he split his reputation upon Cuckold's-points, or elsewhere.

And truly the hero fears her more than a storm. Many a hecatomb of humble prayers does he offer to appease this petticoat deity; nay, and never fails to bring her

every now and then from afar some valu'd toy or o
in hopes to keep her a faithful turtle in his absence;
she, alas! is no such doleful bird, but a woman, and
not but think him a very inhuman creature, to pu
upon so unconscionable a Lent, as to fast a whole
mer's expedition.

How fond soever he appears of his dear duck's co
ny, he makes no tiresome stay with her; for after the
ney-moon is over, he pretends pressing orders from
board; so taking his last farewell, he leaves her in
suds, and straight makes his elopement to Spithead ag
but the Parson, or some kind neighbour in the pa
hearing of her solitary circumstances, very christianly
deavours to stop up all gaps of discontent betwixt th

His flight from England he takes in the spring,
you seldom see him more till the coming in of woodco
and oft-times it lasts much longer.

Tho' he is but a very sorry horseman, yet he is migh
given to the chace; but how eager soever he shews h
self in pursuing the game, he always takes great ca
look before he leaps. Hence it is that he is never w
out a swinging large 'Spying-glass, which yet one w
fancy to be no good one, because his honor is very o
found to see double through it.

The first thing he peeps at, thro' his trusty spy-gl
the chace's port-holes; if she is well stock'd with the
his apprehensions, he won't look twice; for frien
enemy, she is a scurvy sight at a distance; and it is
wisdom to venture within reach of his own eyes, bec
Tartars are swift-footed.

He is a great admirer of a fleet sailer, and had ra
have a good runner, than a ship of great force; for i
can't take, he can leave, and there is no honor lost, i
comes but off with his bacon: So that willingly he w
fall in with none but merchant-ships; all besides is
meat, and very unpalatable to a man that has his q
senses.

If she loom to his wish, he is as brisk as bottled ale,
flies at her with all the sail he can pack; and fain he w
have you fancy than he shews his much courage by

much crowding, but the Boatſwain perhaps will mutter you under the roſe, it is the trick of a hound to be yare at hares only.

The truth is, he generally looks as fierce and eager as a tyger purſuing a deer; but if, when he has got a-breaſt of his enemy, he finds that ſhe is better fleſh'd than he thought of, the belly-air then unfortunately deſerts him, and you may fairly read his apprehenſions in his very countenance.

He has a rare hand at playing away his Lieutenants upon hair-brain'd enterprizes; for he is as prodigal as the devil of other men's blood, when money is in the way, and always makes uſe of a Lieutenant's paw to draw it out of danger; for though it is mighty common with him to quit the ſhip without leave for a good dinner, yet he makes it an indiſpenſible law never to ſtep forth when danger calls him.

So he deputes for his proxy ſome num-ſkulled officer, whom he moſt eſteems; and to demonſtrate his kind love the more, he ſtrips him of all, when the prey is took, that the world may not think that the young 'ſquire's courage was mercenary.

If any of the meaner fry ſhall gape for their proper ſhare, he will be ſure to mark that villain out for a mutineer in thought, and ſit like pitch on his ſkirts forever after.

Thus, tho' he has not one hand in the taking, he will be ſure to have both in the diſpoſing of a prize. The king allots him three parts in eight for his ſingular hazards, and he grants himſelf the other five to prevent fooliſh fractions and diviſions.

Now fools, that give not themſelves the liberty to think, would fancy all to have ſomewhat of knavery in it; whereas in him it is a digeſted thought of prudence; for to divide the ſpoil (will he ſay) were but every tat a crown; whereas, all in a lump, it is a pretty round ſum, worth any gentleman's keeping; but ſhould a half-ſtarved Sailor ſharp a pair of old ſhoes from him, he would ſurely drub the pilfering cur to death for it.

Thus the wretched ſhip's crew, that ſweat and fight for

bread, get ſcarce the very huſk, whilſt he runs away with the flour of the cargo, and epicurizes his pocky carcaſe for ever after.

But ſometimes he meets with a gruff ſubaltern, that ſnarls at his rapacious ſtomach, and, by the help of a board, makes him take up with Doctor's Commons; which brings the monſter down again to his due proportion.

Gold has a far more powerful virtue over him than the load-ſtone has upon the ſea-compaſs; which, tho' ever ſo well touch'd, will often point from its true pole; whereas this precious flower-de-luce for ever looks directly to the groat-planet, in ſpite of all three-penny changes whatſoever.

Hence, if he be not damnably rich, 'tis none of his fault, for he boggles at no imaginary quick-ſands that may lie in his way: Nay, ſuch a hungry ſhark is he, that you would ſwear he had neither ſenſe or taſte of infamy. In fine, this famous man of war is of ſuch unaccountable workmanſhip, that four ounces of Vigo duſt ſhall weigh him down more than four ton of honeſty. Batter him with gold once, and he ſhall ſtrike inſtantly to the moſt ſcandalous articles that hell can offer.

Thus, he is always more intent upon cramming his bags, than filling the Sailors' bellies: If they ſtarve 'tis no matter, it is but preſſing for more at home, and he has them; but ſometimes he comes many leagues ſhort of his reckoning; for thro' want of hands to work her, the ſhip is loſt in a ſtorm; and ſo his worſhip goes with all his ill-gotten wealth to the devil.

Cheating he believes is the pure effect of a long head, and is as much ſcandalized to find any in his ſhip outwitting him at that game. Bubbling he ſays, is the reſult of ſound reaſoning, and he that dares not be a raſcal upon a fair occaſion, he is ſure dare do nothing.

Generoſity he reckons as unaccountable as the extravagant tricks of knight-errantry; and human compaſſion to be little better than a human frailty. He can no way credit the ſtory of Alexander's throwing the cup of water from him, before the face of his periſhing army; for his part, he had rather ſee the whole fleet parched up like

touchwood, for want of water, than his washer-man should be stinted any way; nay, so incredibly extravagant is he sometimes, as to wash his cabin with fresh water, when the ship's company want it to allay the burning heat of their salt victuals and hard labour. Whoever starves his sheep and hogs to be sure must live at full allowance.—Thus, tho' he be no water drinker himself, he destroys an hundred times more than those that have nothing else to live on.

But, pardon me, I am far from drawing him a downright reprobate; for all the world knows that he has some good works hanging about him. He has so much Christian charity as to make wills for unfortunate intestates, that wanted time to do it for themselves, and compassionately espouses the interest of all those poor souls that die abroad without any friends or relations, by generously owning them to have been his servants; and having upon the advice of his learned council in Black-Friars, forged their indentures and names, by the virtue of it, receives their pay, and very carefully secures it for them, till they come to call for it.

The Purser would be a rich knave, but for him and the rats together; but he will by no means let the rogue play his pranks on board, except he pay him soundly for a license; and truly that projector is as good an annuity to him, as a first rate bawdy-house is to a Middlesex justice.

These two often join loggerheads together, and broach more pernicious contrivances, to the detriment of the ship, than ever London vintners did to the ruin of honest topers.

He often applauds the wisdom of the Dutch, in letting their ships be wholly victualled by their captains; and swears that did we but introduce the like among us, it would quite clear the fleet of the scurvy.

One so solicitous about other people's health, cannot be unmindful of his own to be sure; and truly he is so very cheary of it, that he sometimes outlives his commission by it; for he had rather part with his ship, than come within the possibility of a West-India sickness; and yet, in spite of all his providence, the poor tars that go, live to piss on his grave a twelvemonth after.

He feasts his brother captains out of pure good husbandry; for they club dinners by turns, and that nothing may be lost, the fragments are gathered to make a supper, and so cheat both the dogs and the servants.

His dishes are not many, but very well seasoned; yet nothing gives so great a relish to his palate as the hand allowance to his ship's crew: It is an unspeakable titilation to one of his constitution, to see every day so many hundred poor souls, that would reckon it a blessing to have but one savoury smell at his flesh-pots.

He never wants for two sorts of liquors, the good and the bad; the first is reserved for the sole use of the best person at table, and that is himself to be sure: as for the other, you shan't want enough of it, and that to be sure unsophisticated with the other.

He distributes his dead hogs and sheep as he does his cast apparel, among his followers, who by their eating, seem to fancy it somewhat divine, because killed by the hand of Providence; and truly they may thank Providence for it, which else all had been spent at their master's table.

Once a moon, perhaps, he invites some Marine-Lieutenant to taste of his bounty; but the poor gentleman finds his dinner bestowed rather as a charity, than an honourable entertainment; for upon his entry, he finds him aforehand seated at table, with as stiff an air as if he expected you coming to kiss his toe; for no Pope on earth can look greater. Down you sit along with this dumb god, who shews what you are to do next, by first helping himself. If you won't follow you may fast; for, by Neptune, he won't assist you. Thus you sit as mute as a fish, or a bawd at an evening lecture, till his worship has finished, and then he rises first, you may stay or follow him, if you please, not into the cabbin, but upon deck, and there you may walk and digest both your meat and your reception. But who would not curse his haughty senseless vanity, that makes a gentleman pay dearer for his sorry commons than ever Pontac chalked up to a fortunate club of city cuckolds! A servile constraint is much more resented by a generous soul than a deep reckoning.

He never deigns to discourse at table with any body below a brother Captain, and then the grand text they hold forth upon, is the behaviour of their Lieutenants, whose reputation they worry more greedily than their victuals; but sometimes their villainous reflections take wind, and then ten to one but their bullet-heads compound for the lapses of their tongues.

View but his muster-books, and you'll, by their rates, fancy his men the stoutest fellows in the navy; but view them on the deck, and Lord! what a herd of animals you'll behold! At every tenth call perhaps you may tally down a sailor. What discouragement gives not this to right-bred tars from entering volunteers, where they find a scoundrel taylor, or rascally barber, meet with ten times better entertainment, and never touch a rope for it? If he is allowed a score or two of servants, for the greater encouragement of navigation, he's sure to pick up a scum that are good for nothing, that they may cost him next to nothing in the keeping.

These he often puts into the king's livery, and makes him pay for the stuff, to avoid the penalty; but more often he covers this wretched blackguard with white canvas, that the lice may want good footing.

A few he has of a higher form, whom he calls his menial retinue; these, tho' just picked off from a taylor's shopboard, are rated able on his ship's books. Thus he has every thing at free cost, from a steward down to a shoe-wiper. When these are once initiated within the steerage, they are, like sacred devotees, for ever after debarr'd prophaning their hands with ropes or tar-buckets.

He spends a deal of puzzling thought upon his boat's crew, and racks his invention upon their equipment; if he hits upon any new maggot in their caps or coats, he is prouder of his ingenuity than a first-rate taylor when his span new fashion takes at St James's. He had much rather see his coxswain in a clean shirt than his Lieutenant; and believes a kittison a nobler piece of magnificence than a good table.

He has a mortal aversion to your merchant-ship captains, not purely for their presumptuous assumption of his

proper title, but out of an old grudge; for he can't yet shake off the remembrance of those many dry blows he received when cabin-boy to old Gruff of Wapping.

Yet his aversion is not so invincible, but it may be surmounted by a weighty present upon a homeward-bound voyage; and he takes their offering with as much supercilious state, as an eastern monarch, or West-India viceroy.

His Lieutenants are his great eye-sore, because they alone lay pretensions to gentility; a thing that alarms him more than a lighted pipe in a powder-room. He uses them with much stricter severity, considering their station, than he does the lousy crew; he tops upon them like a yard-arm, to depress them the lower on the other side.

The plain truth is, it is somewhat better being his dog, or his monkey, than his subaltern; for he makes a hail fellow of these upon his quarter-deck, whilst he keeps all besides at a proper distance.

But sometimes he has the good luck to meet with a very complaisant fellow, that will fetch and carry like Tray, and suffer himself to be bubbled, and rid like an ass, with thankfulness. This is the officer so long wished for; this he cries up for a paramount Lieutenant, and just ready ripe for a Captainship; so, by a rascally recommendation to the board, he endeavours to reward him at the public cost; for, to be sure, this creature will prove just a such caterpillar as his master.

After his dogs are served, he distributes the remains of his loving kindness on some snotty-nosed letter-man, the product of some quondam punk, or alewife. If one of these carry any fancied strokes of his features, that lucky youth is certainly mark'd out for a commission; and he shall force a rupture with some of his Lieutenants, to make a vacancy for him, rather than he should wait till manhood without one.

A great politician he must needs be, for he sails with every shift of wind; and when the gale of good fortune shrinks, he alters his course, and reaches his port by the traverse rules of injustice and oppression.

If the wind and tide of affairs prove too violent, he then

certainly trims about, and bears away for any place, 'tis no matter what port, whether Turk, or Infidel, for an gainst wind and tide too there is no working.

He is neither a wit nor a fool; for he has commonly too much grease, and too little erudition, to be the one; and has seen so much of the world that he cannot well be the other; yet he's so far a fool, as to think no man sees so well as himself, because none has travelled so many leagues as he has done.

He has no mortal aversion for the French; it is not their blood he thirsts after, but their claret; 'tis involuntary to be sure, if he spills either the one or the other.

He is commonly a stiff man for the government, yet not so stiff as to carry sail against all weathers. He loves loyalty, but he loves his ship much better; and rather than lose this, he will throw the other overboard in a storm. To beat up against all revolutions does but disable a man, and drives him into the gulph of poverty, which he dreads more ten thousand times over than the Bay of Biscay.

He laughs at the poor simplicity of the antients, that shaped their course to wealth by the straight lines of honesty and plain-dealing; the world is now found to be globular ever since the discovery of the West Indies; and consequently, cries he, the only way to hit rightly upon Peru and Mexico, is by the curved lines of our modern mercators, who make all the meridionals of the chart of life to bend and center in the two poles of luxury and power.

There are no blasts so frightful to him, as those strong unexpected turnadoes that come off shore from the territories of the admiralty; these sometimes reach him as far as Brazil and Jamaica, and most certainly overset him, if he be not ready stiffen'd with Peru ballast. If he have enough of this, he may get safe home, provided always he observe well his land marks, keeping Crutched Friars in a line with the Horse Guards; and then he may run in boldly to Chatham.

Being arrived there, his first thought is to inform the board that he and the ship are both living; and the next

is, to petition for a few weeks comfortable relaxation from the woeful fatigues of a perpetual swilling, eating, and sleeping, for a whole twelvemonth together, to the great detriment of his body and face, which are already become as unfashionable as a Smithfield innkeepers. Having made this remonstrance, ashore he comes, with so blustring an air, as if he fancied himself the son of Neptune, come to declare war against the whole earth.

The first trip he makes is to his precious helpmate, and the next to Whitehall, where you will find him offering at the airs of a courtier. He begins with the porter of the office at the Anchor of Hope, to whom he pays more servile cringes, than ever he allowed on board his own ship to his betters; but tho' he must pass muster here, he cannot at St. James's; for the tar is smelt out under all his trappings.

In fine, strip him of every thing but himself, or let him truck jackets with any of his barge-men, and if you distinguish him from out the crew, I'll give you leave to hang him; their discourse, their behaviour, their passions, their aims, their wishes, their every-thing so alike, that any one that has but sense enough to know fish from flesh, will cry out, They are all of a mould, and there's never a barrel of better herring.—

A SEA LIEUTENANT,

Is a Gentleman, he'll tell you, by his commission; and hence it is he carries it always about him, to give you demonstration-proof, in case you call it in question: He lugs it out as often as he does his watch, and believes both together convincing proofs of his gentility.

The better officer he is, he is sure of having the worser Captain; for, upon the diligence and compliance of the one, depends the pride and laziness of the other; so that the one doing as he ought, the other is sure to do nothing.

Thus these two are generally pair'd like married couples, the very good wife being linked in the chain of Providence to the good-for-nothing husband.

There are several sorts and sizes of Lieutenants, but they may be comprised within three degrees of comparison: The first of these is the Captain's vicegerent, and generally heir apparent to him; and often in his sleep he fancies himself actually in possession, to the no small wonder of the quarter-deck, when in the dead of the night, they hear him cuff about the bed and bed-posts, and crying out in a cold sweat, "Zounds, mind your hand, you dog at "the helm, and bear away; bear up round you slave, for "the enemy you see edge down upon us:" so offering at the quartier's chops in his dream, he strikes his fist against the ship-side, and straight that awakens him, to his no little comfort in finding he had been all this while sleeping in a whole skin.

If he is in a leading ship his hopes stand fair, and fairer still if he's alone on a long expedition; there, oft does he pray for his Captain's death most unfeignedly, but not that it may come by a cannon shot; for he loves not to wet his finger with a bloody commission: It is most legible when only in white and black, and he hopes to keep it so all his days, when he gets it.

His ambition reaches just commission-high, all other contemplations, he reckons extra-duties, and the mere conundrums of an idle fancy.

He is eminently skilled in talking much to little purpose, and believes all knowledge beyond the reach of his discipline, not worth sounding for.

He is a man of parts, that he is sure of, and he would deem himself a great blockhead if he told you not as much the first time he sees you. He tells you often, both drunk and sober, what a notable fellow he is, and the many reformations he will introduce, and what mighty discoveries he will make, when he comes into his kingdom; and yet, had he his wishes, he would just keep his word in this, as in all his other promises; he would reign just like the lazy monarch before him, and shew he had not one ounce of better blood than his leader.

He is so much the Captain's right hand, that he can scarce wipe his backside without him. He is a second Sosia, and assumes the Captain's phiz, air, pride and blasphemy, in his absence; then he acts his rehearsal over, that he may not have his part to seek, when he comes to be dubbed Captain indeed.

Tho' he sees the court less, he has yet as much circumspection ashore, in his converfation as his Captain; for he takes care to smell the ground where he is, and, like a wise philosopher conforms to time and place most precisely. Hence it comes, that among unconstrained manly society, he is as amicable as a sheep, and very seldom talks atheism but in the presence of the chaplain, or is very unruly but in civil company.

But follow him straight into his wooden territories, and you'll see him display his commission with a vengeance, especially in the captain's absence; then he will overact his part most unsufferably, insomuch that you'd wonder a sheep should so suddenly all at once be turned to a tyger.

Speak to him there, tho' in never so mild terms, he takes it in his own way, and answers you in fire and smoak thro' his nostrils: In this kind of unmannerly Billingsgate clashing, he is a much greater master than at the clashing of weapons.

The more gruff and waspish he is, the less he tolerates it in others; and you hear him a thousand times storming at the haughtiness of such as have ten times less than himself.

Oft does he mutter at the partialities of the board, and admires at the neglect of merit, including himself for certain; and yet his preferment has already outrun his deserts, farther than ever his dead reckoning did his observation.

His post in a fight is the gun deck, and there he is sure but of one chance against him; for he would deem himself an unpardonable blockhead, if he kept not out of the way of small shot.

Of all the officers in the ship he rails the most against the Captains, tho' he is the first of any that hopes to be

one. He'll tell you a thousand wicked stories of them in his cups, and swears they are more fatal to the ship than stinking beef, and scarce one worth keelhawling.

But when he is sober again, he seriously curses the freedom of his tongue, and is ready to eat his words when you'll have him. He relies on the captain's good word, as the cut-water to his preferments, and begs a certificate, when he removes from the ship, with as sneaking a look almost as a cripple does from a country justice.

He makes, at every turn, a heavy coile about the discipline of the navy, and yet puts it as little in practice as his lazy commander. Every old woman knows, that the end of war-ships is fighting; but this spluttering manager seems to believe them built and maintained purely for sailing and wearing out canvas.

Hence, if he have but hands enough to furl, reef, and make sinnate, he concludes this wooden fortress better mann'd than the Trojan horse, for she is fitted for all weathers.

So the only thing he dreams not on, is the discipline of fighting, till chance sometimes throws him in the way of it; and then he is struck as mute as a young whore taken in the fact, and knows not which way to turn him, for it is too late then to offer at instructing the ship's crew, whom he has kept as ignorant of gunnery as a hackney coachman.

He reckons himself (though perhaps but the son of a costard-monger) fifty degrees above the commander of a merchant-ship; and yet his gentility is sure to stoop lower than the other in matters of traffic; nay, such a sorry dealer is he in small ware, that you would swear he had served twice seven years apprenticeship to a country pedlar.

He judges of men, as he does of ships, by the outside; and he that makes the most gilded appearance, is most certainly the happiest in his mathematical conceit.

His seniority gives him some advantages over his brothers; but the only best is that of half pay, when the war is blown over. Were it not for this, his thoughts would tumble to and fro, worse than a ship becalmed after a great storm in the gulph of Lions.

The ſecond Lieutenant, is a kind of ſpare-topmaſt, that lies idle while the firſt is ſtanding, and in good condition; ſo we'll e'en lay him fore and aft for the preſent, and come to the loweſt, who is as tall as the higheſt in his own conceit.

This ſame then is a kind of hobbedehoy, or boy in man's cloaths; for his chin is yet as ſmooth as the backſide of his commiſſion. Being young and ſupple, the captain endeavours to qualify him to be penny-poſtman, as not having half-pay to truſt to. He ſends him upon a thouſand ſleeveleſs errands, to the great conſolation of the footman, and his own great diverſion; for he takes no little pleaſure to humble the young 'ſquire, and pull him down beyond ordinary, that when he comes up, he may ſtand at the true bent, fit for a commander to ſhoot his game withal.

He muſt come to the ring of midnight bell, though it be but to call a ſervant. He muſt go a league or two to carry a leg of mutton (but under pretence of carrying a letter) to a brother Captain, and to aſk, by the by, how he digeſted his laſt night's debauch.

If he boggle or ſtand upon his punctilios, and refuſe performing ſuch like meſſages, he is immediately proclaimed throughout the fleet, a rieſty puppy; and the Captains one and all, join notes together, and bark the poor gentleman out of the navy; at leaſt he has a mark of diſtinction clapt on him behind his back, which makes him in almoſt as forlorn a condition as a freſh water booby condemned to ſtorm the caſtle.

But all this wears off in time, and his authority grows up with his beard; ſo that in one twelvemonth he comes to be an able, roaring, threſhing fellow, and fit to be ſent upon preſſing

So when the ſhip has been ſufficiently depopulated by ill uſage, my ſpark is detached aſhore, with ſome choice hounds, to go hunt out a freſh ſtock.

He hugs the occaſion, to be ſure on't, for he never fancies himſelf ſo great by his commiſſion, as by his preſs-warrant, becauſe here he hectors without a rival.

The truth is, he and his bandogs together, make a woe-

ful noiſe in all the ſea-port towns round the kingdom; he beats up all quarters, and rummages all the Wapping ale-houſes, as narrowly as he would a prize from the Indies.

The alewives tickle him in the gills with the title of Captain, which makes him oft-times ſtay to get drunk in their houſes, out of pure joy and gratitude.

But his ſtricteſt inqueſt is in your ſailors proper habitation; there he plays the devil upon two ſticks, and pries into every ſuſpicious corner; whilſt the poor wife, to quiet him, freely lets him examine every hole he can find out, and then he marches off well ſatisfied.

In fine, he is a perfect hurricane in a little town, and drives the laggard dog along the ſtreets, with as much noiſe and buſtle, as butchers do ſwine to Smithfield; nay, not only forces them to run againſt the ſtream, but oft-times makes them tow a-ſtern a heavy fly-boat of a wife, as far as from Tweed to Medway; and though he really hurry men off againſt their inclinations, he is as far from being a kidnapper as a hangman is from being a cut-throat.

In the days of yore he uſed to play the devil amongſt the Newcaſtle colliers, who oft-times, to ſhun his threatning Scylla, have grounded their veſſels on Charybdis. But thoſe who knew his trim, uſed to load him well with ale and ſalmon, the common way to forereach upon him; but if he chanced to prove ſo head-ſtrong, that no liquor could overcome him, the laſt remedy then was, to bring out ſome yellow boys, which were of far more eſteem with him than ſo many ſun-burnt ſailors. Thus in one Northern trip, he would pick ye up a hundred or two of theſe little younkers, with which he could fight better than with ſo many ſtout tars in an engagement.

Having brought him back again among his brethren, let us now take him to be as good as the beſt of them, and ſo draw him in perfection.

Though he is an officer, he is a downright eye-ſervant, and is never ſo active as in the preſence of his commander: he is then perpetually making incurſions into the boat-ſwain's province, and too often intrenches upon his proper duty: for he is a ſmart fellow at a cudgel, and oft

does he make the poor tars yelp and run about like dogs in a church under the correction of the sexton.

He can no more refrain drubbing in the sight of strangers than a Frenchman can hold from cutting capers in the presence of ladies; and he has as great an itch at breaking of heads on board, as he has ashore at breaking windows; and well he may, for here he lays on with irresistible blows, and always comes home scar free.

Thus he trains up sailors, as carmen do horses, with the stick and whip; for he knows by the constitution of his own nature, that no good can be done without drubbing.

But if he gives, he takes sometimes, insomuch, that it is not easy to determine which of the two provokes most the other, he or his captain; if this use the first like an ass, the first gives him good cause by his servile sufferance.

But Job at last complained, and so did he; but instead of being foretold better, it costs him his ruin: for though right and justice be his advocates, 'tis captains only hear and judge him, and those brother starling are birds of a feather, that always agree together.

He is a mighty exact man about trifles, and lays more stress upon the running up of yards and topmasts well after a storm, than of the running out of guns briskly in an engagement.

If but a pitiful boat, clapt aboard, though in safe harbour, without timely notice first given, he shall make a greater clamour and uproar, than if she were grappled by a fire-ship.

He is never truly calm, but in the hurly-burly of a fight; for then people have other fish to fry, than to mind him; nor is he sorry for it, because (howsoever he may flatter himself at other times) upon such occasions he finds himself but made of the common mould, and as liable to stink as other mortals; but he cannot easily be smelt out amidst so much smoke of gunpowder.

He is no hypocrite as to his vices, that is certain; for he'll tell you a hundred times over without asking, what a notable lewd fellow he is, and has been in his generation, and values himself not a little upon the reputation of it.

He'll swear to you, he has made more cuckolds than bowls of punch; and believes there is no more sin in taking a spell with a whore, than in pumping a leaky vessel.

The surgeon makes much more of his debauchery, than his courage, and always takes care to patch him up with speed, to have the better customer of him.

But yet after all, if you won't believe he is very often guilty of lying, you'll wrong him; for he is not altogether so very a miscreant as he would pass for, fathering many more wicked pranks than ever he had force or courage to be guilty of. Lord, what number of fine women has he overset; and how many lusty fellows has he made look pale, whom he never once saw or dreamed of.

Not but that he has made many attempts of both kinds, and with the like success, as seldom coming off from the one without a clap, as from the other without a beating: when he has got his belly full of both, he puts aboard again, and one summer's voyage buries all in oblivion.

When he's out at sea, he is in a strange pickle, and oft looks around him, with as pensive a phiz, as an horse penned up in a pinfold. Lord, cries he, Who but a madman would go to sea to fish for bread! Ads death, there is no living like a Christian, but upon terra firma.

But as there is no place so wretched, as to want its comforts, he weans by degrees his longings after the flesh-pots of Sodom, and in lieu of whores, makes cards and dice his serious entertainment. He tempers his bad throws with good punch, for the box and glass go hand in hand together. By the time he has unloaded his pockets, he is floated off his legs, and then drives upon the coast of Bedfordshire, and there he sticks fast till next morning.

He as little thinks of going to heaven as to Jamaica: He cannot, he says, find any fixed pole-star, or mathematical rule, to trust to in that voyage; so he shapes his course after his Captain, without observing any latitude in his doings.

But though he tries every way, both by little and large, to keep up with his leader, he is commonly wronged very much for want of sail and skill too; so that how well soever he can weather upon others, he never is able to fore-reach upon his commander.

He has an equal averſion to fighting and peace, and prays heartily for the long life of Lewis, for fear the war die with him. Oft does he ruminate on that unhappy change, and then his thoughts are adrift what courſe to ſteer; but at laſt he grounds himſelf upon the iſle of pirates.

But alack, his noble reſolutions ſhift like tides; for every beacon he meets with, reminds him of Tyburn, and then he determines to hawl upon a bowling all the days of his appointed time, rather than teach fools wiſdom at his own coſt, and hang up in chains for the good of poſterity.

'Tis this thought often mortifies him in the days of proſperity, and makes him, by intervals, a much more humane officer than otherwiſe his nature would allow him to be.

In fine, he is the captain's humble pig in a ſtring, or rather his greyhound, let looſe after every chace, which, if he take, he is ſure to pick the bones for his labour; but of all chaces, he likes that of a well-freight widow beſt; if he can but once clap her aboard, he is ſure to carry her; and though he cannot pretend to make her all his own, yet he ſticks by her till he has reached to the end of his voyage of life.

Now, after all that has been ſaid, it muſt be owned, that you ſhall ſometimes ſtumble upon a Lieutenant, as cuckolds do upon hidden treaſures, of a very different make to what you find here; who, as they have been born to, and bred up in the principles of honour and virtue, ſo they would not, for all the plunder got at Alicant, ſtoop to any thing beneath their birth and character.

A SEA CHAPLAIN,

IS one that in his junior days was brought up in the fear of the Lord; but the univerſity reaſoned him out of it at laſt, and he has oft-times thanked his good ſtars for it.

It is his happineſs, he believes, that he ſtaid not to take any deep root at the college, for then he might unfortunately have grown up to be a pedant, and pored himſelf into ſtupidity.

He has improved himſelf wonderfully, ſince he came to be a fellow-commoner in the navy, inſomuch that no man living can impoſe a fallacy upon his underſtanding, in any element that comes within the verge of the cock-room; nay, ſuch is the ſtrength of his intellects, and ſo admirable is his penetration, that he ſhall ſpy out wild-fowl, when they are, as it were, in the clouds to all beſides, and ſmell out roaſt meat a good league off, or better; but though he be really a perſon of ſingular taſte, and nice of ſenſe, he never has the vanity to be thought ſo.

He is ſeldom oppreſſed with the drudgery of prayer; once a day were an intolerable burthen, that would lie heavier upon his ſtomach than ruſty pork or burgoo.

He is a preacher, though he never once came within a pulpit; he holds forth, according to the true primitive way; I don't mean in a tub, but a much ſurer footing; for ſtanding upon the firm deck, he hangs his noſe and arms over the back of a chair, and ſo falls to ſplitting his text moſt methodically; but the plain truth is, it is ready ſplit to his hands; for he is ſo orthodox a Parſon as to offer you no ſermon, but what has paſſed the teſt of the preſs, and has perhaps the firſt of a biſhop too, to warrant it ſound ware.

A dozen or two of theſe are his whole ſtock; and therefore, to prevent a too nauſeous tautology, he every year, if he can, removes into a freſh ſhip, among new pa-

fishioners, and seldom does there fail of his own tribe, ready to change with him upon the very same motive.

He is one who shall make a text point as many ways as the compass, and never wants a pocket full of them, to comfort his heart with upon any carnal occasion.

Though he speaks more truths than an oracle, yet he seldom says as he thinks; his nose and his tongue are disasters to each other, and very rarely jump in the colours of good and evil; by the one you may hear that nothing is so precious as the word of the Lord, and by the other, you may both see and feel, that a good bottle, in his sense, is ten times more valuable than the Bible. The plain truth is, he is much better at the composing a bowl of punch than a sermon.

He seldom molests a poor dying soul with his visits, because he wisely considers, that a sailor is a man of no ceremony; he verily creates far more peace of conscience to the ship's company by his practice than his preaching; for he is the great exemplar they walk by.

There's as great a difference between him and a reverend divine, as between a quack-doctor and a learned physician; and he will never shew it more than when you offer to tell him so; for he will be readier to confute you with his fists than any other proofs whatever.

He reckons a sober Chaplain in the navy to be a downright nonconformist, and thinks himself obliged in conscience to keep aloof from him, to avoid being tainted with so damnable a heresy.

He's an equal enemy to Popery and Calvinism, and manifests it thoroughly in his zeal for a surloin in Lent, and minced pies at Christmas.

There's no hell to him like living eternally on salt provisions; fire and brimstone is but a fool to it.

Of all ceremonies, he likes well that of a cushion in praying; yet, to shew his excess of loyalty, he will drink the King's health on his knees without one.

He drinks and prays with much the like fervour. He turns up his glass and the whites of his eyes together, and in the sincerity of his heart drinks it off most canonically.

He abominates all ſtarring upon friendly ſociety, and had much rather chooſe to drink twice, than he once ſuſpected of baulking his neighbour.

To ſhew his abundant humility, he will ſometimes drink flip with the Midſhipman; and to prevent the fall of a weak brother, he will oft be ſo charitable as to drink for him.

He fulfils that axiom to a tittle, *ſmile ſmill gaudet*; for no man that is merely human, can be more converſant with ſpiritual matters, than he is; nay, ſo elevated a creature is he, that ſcarce can he ſuffer any foul in his preſence, vilely to commix them with ſuch things as ſavours not thereof.

He never gives any open ſymptoms of being diſaffected to the government, and yet he is certainly unalterably devoted to the French intereſt; for though he pretends to love the king and the church mighty well, yet, he loves Bourdeaux wine and brandy much better.

He reckons it a great condeſcenſion to admit Sir——— into his company; but for belch, he drinks it as he takes the oaths, upon mere neceſſity.

You ſhall hear him oft-times hold forth in his cups, according as the ſpirit of wine gives him utterance; but you ſhall ſeldom or never find him reel along in the paths of righteouſneſs; for when he once gets in for it, he throws off his gown and hypocriſy together, and becomes the bell-weather of the flock, to run them pallmall into the pin-folds of the devil.

But for him the ſhip's crew would be paſſable good Chriſtians; whereas his exemplary preſence makes them often calls his words to account, and too often doubt his Sunday labour a ſham, & himſelf a ſacred what-ye-call 'em.

A hardened Atheiſt he is not, for a great ſtorm will make him unfeignedly fearful, and then the poor rogue looks aghaſt like a pick-pocket taken in the fact, or an old bawd at the day of judgment, without having the comfortable proſpect of one mountain to fall on his head.—Hence it comes, that he ſometimes back-ſlides to the quacking ſect, in ſpite of his gown and godlineſs.

He wears his prunella-gown as chearfully as he does his

honesty; there's somewhat in the wind, to be sure, when he puts on either; and truly why should a man rub out good things, without a solid consideration for it?

In foreign countries he takes care to hide his light under a bushel; his coat, sword and neckcloth make him pass current for a high German doctor; and one would swear him one indeed by his physical notion of things; for a thorough debauch, he will tell you, is like fresh in a river, sweeps away all the mud and sandy banks of our microcosm, and a sound wench cools the blood in hot countries, & keeps the flesh from warring against the spirit.

Hence it is, that he envies not at home the country Vicar, with his tythe-pigs and plumb-puddings, since here he can whore with security, and get drunk like a gentleman, without scandal.

One might well believe him a good common-wealth's man, for he loves dearly to propagate his species, even in the very lands that know him not. If he chuse to perform this great work in a blind corner, and not on the house top, it is to shew himself one of no great ostentation; and truly, he is a person of so much self-denial, that with great resignation he patiently lets others have the glory of fathering his labours.

It were great malice to say he is a man of no principles; for all know him an everlasting adherer to that one of self-preservation; and no one ever found him flinch in that principal of life, a good stomach.

He has so good an opinion of his own parts, that he fancies to do you a favour, in giving you his company at all entertainments, and would take it as an affront to heaven and learning, to let him contribute a mite towards it.

He flies at all game, whether it be the flesh of fowl, or the flesh of fish; whereso'er he fixeth his pounces, she is his own, bones and all, if any way practicable, for it is too much loss of time to make a separation.

The only way to overcome him at argument, is here, for he had much rather let the best syllogism in the world grow cold than his victuals. To keep his grinders from mouldering against each other, he supplies both sides with

guilts at once; if his tongue chance to pop in the way, the Lord have mercy on it; for his jaws know no baking.

The Captain, when he has got a superordinary dinner, sends for him to give the benediction; and truly he thinks it a very good benediction to be there to give one. He makes no long winded graces, because he loves to keep his breath to cool his pottage.

He is the Captain's trusty comrade at a game, or so, on Sunday evening, for there is no playing with a lay-brother on that night, for fear it takes wind, and fly to the board sooner than the news of a victory; but they play not so deep as they drink; for a hearty bowl prevents the spiritual food of the day from lying heavy on the stomach, there being no better digester of good doctrine, than good liquor.

He is a compleat scholar, that is evident, because for these many years he has given over all study. Sometimes he pores upon a pack of cards, or so, and makes learned animadversions on the history of the four kings and the knave of clubs.

Though he speaks much better English than Latin, you'd take him for a downright Irishman by his countenance, which is the choicest looking-glass in Christendom for a country corydon to trim his phiz by.

He is neither saint nor apostle, that he will own, but his modesty cannot deny, but that his bare shadow has cured many a poor creature of the simples. Some will have it, that none now-a-days, but the society of Jesus, are endowed with the knack of exoreism, yet all must allow, that our protestant hero is capable of out-facing the devil at any time.

To lose a pretension for want of assurance, he reckons as scandalous a blot upon his gown, as the loss of a garrison, for want of courage, would be to a red-coat. Old Nick will never kidnap him, if he is to catch him blushing.

He gapes after vacancies as early as a campaining whore does for dead men's cloaths in a battle; and though to human appearances, he looks to be a bulky heavy arsed Christian, yet he is perpetually attempting to leap over the heads of his brethren.

Now, one would conclude him to be a high-flyer; and the truth is, he never willingly suffers any to fly above him; passive obedience in his own temporals, griping him worse than sour wine or small beer.

He hates your low-flyers as bad as Jews do swines-flesh; yet he is not so stiff for the towering party, as a Turk is for the Alcoran. Rather than overset himself, or be obliged to throw any of his greats over-board in bad weather, he will suffer two or three riefs of discipline to be taken in.

He never swears but in his cups, and then he does it with such an air of authority, as fully bespeaks him to have the plenipotentiary powers of an heavenly ambassador.

Though he guides others to heaven by the plain sailing rules of the Gospel, yet he shapes his own course by the nicer rules of cabalistical divinity. Hence it is, that he shall preach you in the morning about giving Cæsar his due, and the same night run commodities ashore for sale without wronging the rule of the Gospel; for Cæsar, he cries, wears no petticoats.

In fine, he is the very reverse of what he professes, and there is as great a difference between the man and the priest, as between the duchess upon the stage, and her behind the scenes. He is a downright paradox, greater than any he ever learned at the university; or, to speak all in a word, he is the devil's grand temptation; for by his openly flaming under a sanctified habit, he openly burlesques God Almighty.

THE

MASTER OF A SHIP OF WAR,

IS a fellow indeed, for he is no less than master of two vessels; but as he cannot man both at once, he leaves the weaker behind; for she is generally so leaky, that she seldom but keeps her pump going.

His ſtation is the meridian altitude of the lower kind of midſhipmen. His mates make him the great planet of their obſervation; when their exaltation is riſen thus high, it is noon-day with them, and they look no farther.

He is a ſeaman every bit of him, and can no more live any while on dry land than a lobſter, and but for that he is obliged ſometimes to make a ſtep aſhore, to new-rig, and to lay in a cargo of freſh peck and tickle, he cares not though he never ſee it.

Hence he becomes ſo over-ſeaſoned with everlaſting floating on ſalt-water, that all the land-pumps in England cannot waſh off his brackiſhneſs. At every turn, you diſcover him by his phraſes, as apparently as you do the ſpots of the moon with a teleſcope. His language is all heathen Greek to a coblet; and he cannot have ſo much as a tooth drawn aſhore, without carrying his interpreter. It is the aftmoſt grinder aloft, on the ſtarboard quarter, will he cry to the all-wondering operator.

He is fuller of crabbed terms than a Moorfield's conjurer, and bawls forth greater contradictions than a young ſophiſt at Cambridge. You will hear him a thouſand times cry out, (thus, thus, it is very well thus) when the wind is contrary; and he ſhall be ſure to bid the ſteerſman to come no nearer, when he is fartheſt from his port; nay, if you'll hearken to him, he'll ſwear you down, that a ſhip can never ſail well, when her ſails are in the wind. Hence you are to take him by the rule of contraries; and when he calls for a couple of hands, be aſſured he means four.

Take him in a morning faſting, and he is as dry as an old biſcuit; yet pour but a cann of ſlip down his bore, and you may with eaſe pump every thing out of him.

Though a ſlip-cann be his moſt intimate companion, he has a much greater veneration for a punch-bowl, which he hugs and ſalutes far oftener than he does his doxy. He eſteems it his truſty friend, that is certain; for he never fails to unload all its ſecrets in its company; and, Lord! what a learned diſcourſe you ſhall ſometimes have betwixt them.

For he ſhall (to the wonder of ignorance) illuſtrate, by

the mere assistance of this little comrade, an hundred pretty phænomenas, as plain as a pike-staff; he shall demonstrate to you the horizon, the tropic, the hemispheres, the flux and reflux of the sea, and a great many more admirable knowables, all within the circle of a punch-bowl.

He has a mathematical brain, that is the truth on't; for he will draw you from thence such a number of lines, tangents, and secants, that you'd wonder how the devil his skull contained them all, without endangering his pericranium.

If he has made a trip to Jamaica, or so, he shall tell you he has been among the Antipodes, and will give you an undeniable proof of the reverse position of their feet to ours, by a louse crawling round his hat-crown.

But his talk is most upon the doctrine of the spheres, because he believes it above your sphere to comprehend him. Out he brings his Holland cheese upon this subject, and delineates you upon that perishable globe the zodiac, the equinoxial, the ecliptic, the colures, azimuths, and almicantors; and, in a word, every great and small circle, from the very zenith to the nadir of mathematical knowledge.

He fancies himself one of the first magnitude in astronomy, because he can run you over the constellations as glibly as the points of his compass; and though he cannot number the stars, can call them all by their names, yet he shall speak as peremptorily about the milky way, as if he had turned up there in the ship (Argo) as frequently as up our channel in a ship of war.

One so well acquainted with heaven can be no stranger to any corners upon earth, to be sure; and truly, if you'll believe him, he has seen more in his days, than ever the sun had curiosity to pry into; and so liberal is he in his cups, as to tell you all his travels without asking; but in good faith, he that can have patience to hear him out, may go trip with him all the world over; for he uses so many trifling digressions, such impertinent circumstances, and such a confounded number of repetitions, that he shall be well nigh as long in recounting, as in making a voyage to the Canaries.

One might suspect him to be a very pious fellow, for no saint upon earth looks oftener to heaven-ward than he; and yet, God knows, he has no more sanctity than a gipsy in him.

He trusts much more to the sun for his guide, than to the Creator of it, and makes use of the stars to direct him home, as drunkards do of link-boys; and is every now and then learning his right way of Taurus, and such like horned animals, as strangers do of shop-keepers in London.

He is one that is absolutely governed by the change of the moon, and yet no Jew is more unalterable than he in his opinions; but he often finds, that he can shape his course much better in his chart than on the ocean.

The captain trusts much more to him for a guide than to the parson; and he is not a little proud of it, insomuch that though he will grant the Captain to be his superior yet he swears himself to be a man of much better reckoning.

His charge is very extensive, for nothing aboard is to be spent without his privacy; he is ordained the imperial surveyor of all the ship's provisions, and if he fare not very well by it, he may thank his own honesty; but the purser has more cunning than to suffer any nice scruples to lie unwashed off from his conscience.

He is as kind to him as a kidnapper is to a poor country cokes, and many times makes him so giddy with good liquor, that he shall not distinguish beer from hog-wash, and possibly, after a fair probation, shall allow Sir —— to be warrantable victuals.

But his grand charge is not so much the men's bellies, as the ship's carcase, to keep her aloof from rocks, sands, and lee-shores; if he can but weather all those, he troubles not his head about weathering the enemy.

His proper elements are wind and water; the other two, of fire and metal, he leaves to those that love them: Not but that he can fight, and that very heartily too, after a lusty swig at the brandy-bottle; then enemy, or no enemy in view, he will fight him, and sink him too; but it is with the wind of his mouth only.

He'll often tell ye what a sprag he was in the days of

yore, and what a fatal thing the last Dutch war had proved, but for himself and a few others. And truly if he had done as he talks, he had rare cuckold's luck, for you shall not find one scar about him.

But now the best of his days are over, he'll tell you; and besides, it is but an odd kind of a war (this with the French) and he cannot set cordially about it; for what a thousand pities it is to beat enmity with a country that produces so much good wine and brandy!

But as old as he is, he is commonly a fellow of much quicksilver; and thence it comes, perhaps, that he foretells winds and weather more precisely than the best made barometer in Gresham College.

His phiz is the beacon of all fresh-water sailors in bad weather; they look much more to his fiery face than to a light-house; he is their fire card at a dead lift, and they trust to his conduct in all Channel courses, as fully as a blind man does to his dog in the streets of London.

The truth is, he knows our sea-coast as well as a beggar does his dish, and is acquainted with the nature and depths of all soundings but that of his wife's water-course.

Now, all this put together, must needs make him follow his nose with great boldness; so that it is no wonder if he is more confident of his way than a Yorkshire carrier, and tells ye the bearings of Bow-Steeple from Teneriffe, with more assurance than the other can from Highgate.

But in good faith, he is many a time out in his accounts, though he had rather run upon Scilly than own it; but own it he must, when he finds the land-fall not to jump with his reckoning; and then he looks as sullen as a Rakehell-heir, when he sees his father outlive the prediction of a twelve-penny conjurer.

The first lieutenant and he do often interfere in their politics, and they are more intent upon each others variations, than on that of the compass; and hence it comes, that his pride often makes him wish himself in a merchant ship; for there he is sure to be his own master.

If ever he makes a trip by land, it is a wonder, and there must be some storm a-gathering to be sure, when he

hears up to the Admiralty-board; all beyond that place is Terra incognita to him.

He is soon equipped for his journey, for he stows all his baggage in his pockets; and as for boots and spurs, he can no more wear them than the bilboes.

But he must have his double jig, before he decighs, that is certain, because trotting his nag will make him run the faster; so after a hearty go down to his station voyage, up he hoists himself a trip upon his jig of a mare's, and sticks as close to him with his thighs, as if he was got cross a yard-arm.

Being thus got priddy, with the reins hauled through both hands, he streight hauls them aft like main sheets, upon which the steed makes stern way, to his no small admiration.

But resolving to try the jade by and large, he trips all sharp, hawls oft upon one rein only, and cuts with his legs and heels all weather; but instead of running a-head, about ship goes the beast, and tosses my gentleman o'erboard.

But up he skips upon his legs, as manfully as a taylor upon a shop-board, and finding that a horse will neither answer the helm nor his expectations, he even orders him back to his moorings, and streight takes a birth in the stage-coach, which always makes her way as good as she looks.

THE PURSER,

IS a kind of Pythagorean Philosopher, not because of his pocket-holes, for his breeches are commonly well lined, and for his many transmigrations, having lived in various regions, and rubbed through many callings before he came to be a purser in the navy: His last metamorphosis is generally from being a poor knave in the Fleet near the Old-Bailey, to be a substantial gentleman in the Fleet at Spithead.

He is the man can boast that he never purchased his preferment with money, for it was his want of it that got him shuffled into his post, that he might clear off his debts at the Sailors' costs.

If he chance to be a sharp fellow, that is, in the language of people that know no better (a very cunning knave), he is sure to be mightily in the Captain's books, and seldom fails rising to be his privy-counsellor.

Whenever he and his commander meet in a friendly conjunction, it portends the ruin of the common crew, more infallibly than the conjunction of his wife with some Wapping tar, does that of his reputation.

He and the hogs are sure never to want, for they take the meat from other men's bellies; many a sailor that had a carcase as burly as a captain's, falling into his clutches, have been reduced to a horseman's weight, and under.

He is the most excellent Alkahest in Nature, for he can transmute rotten pease, and mouldy oat-meal, into pure gold and silver, without any little expence in the operation; for when, in a boisterous blustering voyage, the provisions are grown as rotten as his carcase, he gets his friend the Captain to put the whole crew to full allowance, though no thinking creature, but his hogs, will devour it: Sheep as simple as they are, have sense enough to refuse it.

In him miracles are not ceased, for he oft-times turns water into wine, and wine into water, with one mere fiat as his steward; but all this is no great wonder in a man who has to do with the drink.

The King advanceth him the ready penny, to purchase wine abroad for the service of the ship's company; but they get but a sorry share of it, and that adulterated into the bargain; hence the poor souls, to support nature, are obliged, by anticipation, to spend their pay upon the very wine that was assigned them at the price of ship-beer.

The worse liquor he keeps, the more he brews his own profit; he shall draw more gain from wretched gripe-gutt stuff, in one forenoon, than a dozen ale-wives from all their taps on a day of thanksgiving.

He is far from that laudable practice of courting his customers with Sunday dinners, because the less they drink, the more he reckons himself obliged to them.

He allows salt flesh meat to be a damned tippling fellow diet, and would fain have it changed to wholesome pease and burgoo, for the benefit of the sailors; but in good faith, it is only his own bags that will thrive by the project, he getting more by one Bannian day than many others.

It burns him to the very soul to see one candle blaze above ordinary, and oft makes him cry out in the words of the collect, Lighten our darkness, good Lord! Which is the only prayer that he makes use of; and truly he needs none, for all the ship's company daily pray for him; but they pray as they row, backwards.

One would think him of a very preposterous constitution, for he keeps his tallow best in summer, and melts it down to nothing in winter seasons. He hates great fires worse than great frosts, and wonders what the devil we are made of aboard, that good punch cannot warm us enough without his charcoal.

Though his courage be as little as his honesty, yet he sometimes prays for a warm brush, or so, to help him to fire-wood: for fighting costs him nothing.

He is lodged so far under water, that a bullet must be sent by a particular providence, if it reach him. Thus, while others battle it aloft, he sits as snug as a bee in a box, making his honey; for all those that drop in the engagement, are sure to die his debtors.

He is as much alarmed in a storm as the Chaplain; and though many will tell him, for his consolation, that he has a hanged look, yet he still persuades himself, that the devil can turn a man's destiny.

If ever he be good, it must be in plaguy bad weather; and as all violent changes are short, his honesty and the storm blow over together.

He whores with moderation for conscience sake, for a pound clap and a bad conscience never agree together; small beer being the Doctor's receipt for the one, and a bowl of punch for the other.

His Steward and he often compare notes together, and the bottom of their accounts jump as like as the devil is to the collier. The truth is, were it not for this under rogue, and his superiors, he would be a very rich fellow.

but the poor slave is so squeezed on the one hand, and the other, that he has but just substance enough left to satisfy the ordinary lusts of nature; for Old Nick takes care he buys no land with his money.

He is a rare fellow for giving a bad Captain a good word; and prays as heartily for the continuance of easy heedless commanders, as Deal men do for storms and thick weather; for an honest officer will make him so too, and that alack! will be his ruin.

Next to himself, there is no man living he has so great value for as the clerk of the check, whom he generally calls his father; and well he may, for the knave is as like him, as a shop-lifter is like a thief.

He procrastinates his accounts with the Navy-board, just as he does with heaven; he refers all to his death-bed, and then he thinks to bilk both the king and God Almighty: but if ever he do, he will cheat the devil most confoundedly, and leave an everlasting consolation to all extortioners, stock-jobbers, and petty-foggers, who, after him, need never fear going to heaven in a string.

THE SURGEON,

IS your old acquaintance the barber, that has stepped from dismembering of beards, to the practice of more sanguine operations.

The common crew call him the physicioner of the ship; that is to say, the scavenger that cleaneth away all the dirt and nastiness that lies in the channels of men's bodies, and that proves offensive to human nature.

He is generally reputed a man of letters, for Dr T——r, and he, studied both at the university; but his practice differs very much from that learned doctor's, for he loves to keep men in everlasting blindness.

To define him precisely, he is no downright Paracelsian, Galenist, nor operator, but a hodg-podge of all together.

He is no Digbean virtuoso, that is certain, for he knows not how to sympathise with any man's wounds whatever. If he has a smattering in chemistry, he is a topping spark indeed, and gabbles about the intrails of nature like any heathen philosopher: But of all his knowables, Alkali and Acid he esteems to be the ever ne plus ultra of physical discoveries.

The mystery of his art and science consists in a long list of sustian words and phrases, whose true sense he is more puzzled to lay, than to anatomise the body of a fat capon; and as for his performance upon legs and arms, he does it after a way, it is true; but betwixt you and me, the slaughter-house on Tower-hill, would scarce grant him journeyman's wages.

He is too lazy and proud to visit common sailors; and they are not sick enough he thinks, who are able to come and tell him their ailments. And hence it is plain, that he may with justice boast, that very few die under his hands, which is as much as Ratcliff himself could pretend to.

The poorest patients are sure to fare best where he is, because he leaves them to nature, the less dangerous doctor of the two. But an officer with a purse, must be sure to part with it, as a badger with his stones, if ever he hopes to bring off his carcase.

He is unalterably convinced, that all our distempers proceed from an over repletion; and therefore his first intention in all cures, is, to empty your pockets; which strikes at the very root of all intemperance.

He does not so much lay claim to the learning, as the title of a doctor; for he values himself mostly upon the tender touches of his hand in operations. And truly, those that try him, generally acknowledge his legerdemain to be singular, for he shall conjure forth your gold, without once touching the purse-strings.

Sometimes his Captain being disabled by some unlucky shot betwixt wind and water, repairs to him for a refitment; but to his great misfortune he brings his mainmast by the board, in laying him upon the carvey; and then ten to one but old Lucifer gets him for firewood soon after.

The Chaplain and he are oft chopping logick together upon the quarter-deck, to the

clergy and though they differ like two Empyricks in their opinions, they jump in this, they both thrive most by our vices: The old bawd befriending the one, as much as old Nick does the other; experience teaching us every day, that one pockey whore brings the surgeon more gain in, than a thousand French cannon.

Next to whores, punch is his best friend, that being an approved fomenter of blood and wounds, which brings him in many more crown-pieces than ever he had from his father.

His tools are of various sorts and sizes, his best he always carries in his breeches; and the most of these are of silver, that is certain, for their is no probing a man well, he thinks, with viler metal. He is as proud of these as a Highlander is of a pair of bag-pipes, yet he is somewhat prouder of that long tool of his that hangs without board, which, though purposely forged for the destruction of flesh and blood, it does the least harm of any other.

He seldom rails against any of his fraternity, for he thinks it very imprudent to dissect the abilities of his brother; nay, he will frankly own every one but himself to be the second best artist in the nation.

His pots bear proportion to the size of his shop, which is near the dimensions of an over-grown sea chest; but how small soever his stock be, it is more than enough for his practice, for he needs not a salve for every sore.

He adjusts his prescriptions as a country shoemaker does his lasts; he makes one and the same receipt serve to an hundred various tempers and circumstances: For there is no standing upon niceties, he cries, with fellows that have the constitution of a horse.

He is not much guilty of feeling his own pulse, or following the measures he prescribes to others. There is no bolus to him comparable to a new laid egg, nor no julap like a glass of true honest claret; so that if others made no more use of his stink-pots than he does himself, he might conserve all his medicines till dooms-day.

His business at home is nothing, for no prophet is admired in his own country: But he does wonders in Portugal and Spain, for with catholick faith he can do any thing.

'Tis an insufferable bold intrusion for any to cast an eye

into his compositions; and yet he is sure to have an oar in other mens concerns. You'd wonder to hear him sometimes, for it is hard to tell whether he or a storm possesses the ignorant most with fear; so diffident is he of the quarter-deck's sufficiency in bad weather.

He is oft and many a time teasing the poor master with impertinent queries, and will be offering to rectify him in fogs and bad weather. He determines where you are by the temperature of the air, and is confident he can hit the channel in an homeward-bound voyage as easily as the joint of a finger.

He is not very backward in propagating his science, for a simple pocky swabber, he shall, by due gradations from the mystery of loblolly making, to that of a clyster, swell him up to be a journeyman doctor, provided always, that the swab consign him over his wages for his labour.

Such as these are his hands to perform his medicinal wonders with, these bring him the accounts of the sick and their distempers, and wait his responses, which he gives them streight in the turning of a pestle; not with the double-faced ambiguity of the oracles of old, but hab nab, and as boldly as if he had just come himself from searching their intrails with a lighted candle.

He is equally proud of being thought a Medicus, and an Atheist, and yet the fool seems to rely somewhat above his own providence; for he lives from hand to mouth, and leaves the morrow to take care for itself.

Being very intimate with people's secrets, he makes very free with their tables too, and thinks no cordial is comparable to an elemosinary dinner.

In the region he inhabits, he is pretty well sconced against bullets, and all perils, but that of sinking; and truly storms and bad reckonings give him sometimes such deadly apprehensions, that you may even smell them sometimes to leeward of ye.

This infernal region of his, he calls the cock-pit; and well he may, for there he has slain many a game-cock in his time. 'Tis a bloody place, that is the truth on't, and dark enough to hide all his miscarriages.

Here the purser and he set up their horses together,

because the latter he knows never wants provender; here they carouze, to the destruction of all mortified limbs and empty bellies; and are ten such faithful cronies, that they never flinch, but fairly drop down by each other.

He trusts much to the continuance of the war, but more to his own impudence, by the help of which, and a twelvemonth's pay, you may chance to find him elevated on a stage on Tower-hill, when the peace is concluded.

In fine, one would conclude him a rank knave, because none in the ship, desire to have any dealings with him; but however he may be thought in his own days, posterity is infinitely beholden to him, being the chiefest man in his generation, that makes elbow-room for another.

THE GUNNER,

IS commonly a spawn of the Captain's own projection; he was originally his foot-boy, and from thence, step by step, mounted to be his steward; in which station having acquitted himself with singular smartness, his creator rewarded him with this lazy office of a gunner, which was the mark he always aimed at.

He commonly has as little occasion to exercise his art, as he desires, and I dare say, he desires never to have any; not that gun-powder stinks so very abominable in his nostrils, rather he loves dearly to hear his guns speak, provided it be not against an enemy.

He loves the king's birth-day most loyally, and wisheth he had twenty every year; for those are the lucky times, when he cheats his Majesty most zealously.

He commemorates gunpowder-treason, with a treason upon gun-powder; for he defaults his guns so exorbitantly, that a tar, after a hearty meal of pease, shall make his bumb rattle a thanksgiving peal much louder than his cannons. But what is wanting in his guns, is made up in his cups, which are sure to have full measure.

Hence it comes, that the longer practitioner he is, you find him make the worſer fires, ſtill coming ſhorter of his due length; and there is no getting him to mend his hand, for ſhould he give guns their due load, it would break him.

If you'll credit his oath or teſtimony, his captain muſt needs be a plaguy bloody fellow, for he is ſure to make him expend in his accounts more powder and ball in every trifling cruize, than was blown away at the battle of Hochſtadt.

One would wonder why he, of all men, ſhould want a gold medal for his ſervices; for he huſbands the king's ſtores to admiration, a thouſand times converting into ſolid gold, what his fiery ſuperior had ordered to be turned into nought but ſmoak and thunder.

All ſhips are alike to him, excepting channel-cruizers, which are ſuperlatively the beſt for his purpoſe, not becauſe they muſt fight moſt, but clean ofteneſt; and every time ſhe docks, he is ſure to ſweep fifty pounds at leaſt into his pocket, beſides his pay and prize-money.

Many a boat load of ſmuggled ware has he popt forth at his gun-room ports, while the rogue the tide-waiter, voluntarily tricked into a game at all-fours, is at the other end of the ſhip, or is laid along upon ſome cheſt, knocked down by an unmerciful bowl of punch or two.

As heavy as his guns are, they are certainly more active than he is, and do the king fifty times more ſervice; for his grand amuſement is eating and drinking; his ſleeps are moderate enough, juſt to ſuffice nature, and make him ready for a freſh attack: were it not for theſe, he would be a loſt man, for his mates do all his other buſineſs for him.

Hence he has but very little to do, if he do honeſtly; but this is as impoſſible with him, as to hit the moon with cannon ſhot. 'Tis uncomeatable mark, that is certain, for he can no more abſtain from ſuttling on board, and running goods aſhore, than he can refrain from talking bawdy in modeſt company.

No officer, but his captain, is accommodated like him; he challengeth the gun-room as his hereditary eſtate,

where he ſtrut about like any crow in a gutter; and it is not for want of pride, but courage, if he allow any man living the right hand within his diſtrict.

His people as he calls them, obey him like ſlaves, and yet every one beſides himſelf muſt call them gentlemen gunners within his territories, where he is a little king in his own conceit, and may paſs for a great one in the opinion of others; for he makes more new lords and ladies in one twelve-month, within his confines, than any one prince in Chriſtendom.

He ruleth by the ſword, like any uſurper; nay, and ſo horrid a tyrant is he, as to keep it ever unſheathed, and never lets it ruſt, or lie dormant in a ſcabbard.

This is his ſword of ſtate, which never goes forth of his dominions; but he wears another on ſhore, more by the inſtigations of his wife than his own heart; for he has predetermined never to draw it in anger; it is no matter therefore what the blade is, ſo the hilt be a good one; and truly it is as good as ſilver can make it.

When he has this ſwagging by his quarter, and his bob-wig tied up behind like a horſe-tail, he is then a gentleman all over in his own conceit; though heaven knows, the vain fool is no more like one, than a barber's pole is like a whipping-poſt.

THE CARPENTER,

IS a tool the Captain makes uſe of to cut the king's timber to his own ſervice.

Though he be generally but a rough hewn fellow, yet he values himſelf upon a well-built hull; and as for his intellects, they are much about the ſame model with the maſter's, for he has little more of the mathematicks than the boatſwain.

He is an honeſt ſubject, that is certain, for he is far

more careful about keeping the king's ship tight than his own fly-boat; and though he be but, as it were, one of the lower-bends of a man of war, yet it is well known she cannot swim safely without him.

His business lies mainly in unforeseen jobs, which are always performed by his underlings; from whence one may reasonably infer, that he is himself no workman; the truth is, he is but a wooden artist at the best, and a tinker may justly take the wall of him, for he makes all his vessels tight without either pitch or oakum.

His stomach must needs be sharper than his axe, for he whets the one every morning duly; and the other perhaps but once a quarter; no wonder then, if the keenest ride the most work, for he eats at a breakfast more than will counterpoise his whole day's labour.

How idle soever he be himself, he keeps so strict a hand over his crew, that he won't suffer them to make one holiday; yet, in spite of all his bluster, they will sometimes (Oh, wonderful!) make half a dozen in one morning.

One would not suspect him, by his phiz, for a politician, and yet it is thought he employs as many tools in the king's service, as both our state-secretaries, and like a true master of that science, he makes loggerheads to be of as much use as blades of keener metal.

But what shews him really to be something of a state-fox, is, his setting a value upon all his doings; for he never lifts his hand to any work, but you are sure to hear on't, being the most noisy fellow living, in all his undertakings.

He is the only fellow on board that professes to do every thing by rule and measure, and yet he has his flaws as well as others: he can spy out the faults in the structure of a boat, sooner than those of himself; and shall bring ye to rights a warped piece of plank, with far more facility than his own crooked manners.

But after all, he has generally the least bundle of pride of all the other officers, whereas one would think he should have the most of any, as being one of the most trusty timbers of the commonwealth; for without the carpenter, the navy would sink, and carry down the kingdom along with it.

You rarely hear him thunder and swear like the brute swain, perhaps, because he has far less occasion. He will own himself to be a frail piece of workmanship, but he'll tell you withal that he would not be so daringly impious as some on board are, for all the wood in Chatham.

He knows the cube root perfectly well, but does not pretend to gauging: and thence, perhaps, it comes, that he is often out of measure in his drinking; but yet most people deem him a sober fellow, because strong liquor never overfets him.

He cannot but pity the surgeon's simplicity, for calling himself the ship's doctor, when all the world knows that none but the carpenter looks to her wounds, and cures all her ailments. And truly in it a most admirable operator, he will knit ye fast a broken ib in a moment, fadging, and fix ye a couple of new knees, when the old ones are shot to the devil, and the ship, the very next hour after, shall run ye as fast as ever; but what is the most strange of all things, he will make her swim from one end of the world to the other, with her head as clean cut off as St Patrick's, and without one grain of miracle in it. What puzzles him most, are shots betwixt wind & water, which often prove as fatal to the ship, as a lost maidenhead to a virgin.

He is married, as well as his brother Warrants, that is to be sure, and his honest neighbours tell him, for his comfort, that he has got a good one; but he that measures every thing by inches, is fully convinced, that she is a daughter of Eve, and that all women are chips of the same block.

He might pass for a saint among the godly, that know no better, because he gives out to be always a-mending; but his wife that knows him best of any, will often tell him the longer he lives he is the worse man; and, alas! how should it be otherwise; for he is not harder than cole iron, and his hardest tools are the worse for wearing.

Yet in good faith, he is a knotty piece of timber, and the more you soak him the tougher he grows, insomuch, that the sharpest means then won't work him to any thing.

The days of fair weather are halcyon days to him; but storms and tempests put him upon double duty, having

both the king's ship and his own soul to take care of; but the last task is soon whipped over, for a hearty ejaculation or two, with a short breakfast upon the crumbs of comfort, well settled down with a humming stroke at the brandy bottle, fortifies him in an instant against all weathers.

In fine, he is one that in his own person has but little more to do than the gunner; and provided the season be not over stormy, he may sing a quietess to his bones all the summer.

The only cross he dreads most, is a cross-grained wind, when at sea; for that runs him out in his cargo of belly-timbers, and then the Lord help him, for he shall look as dead as a fish deserted by the sea, and gape and yawn at every town, like an oyster; but home he gets at last, and so sleeps over dreaming at nights of flip and tobacco.

THE BOATSWAIN,

IS a kind of Jack with a Box, for let him but whistle once, and you have a hundred or more Cartesian puppets, pop up upon deck, and run about, and streight disappear again in an instant.

It is not so much his fine silver call, as the illustrious chain that it hangs by, that is the distinguishing badge of his post, and which he is as proud of as my lord-mayor is of his, and prouder.

But this is allowed him for ornament only, as you do bells about the neck of a fore-horse: His badge of power is his bamboo, which, though tipped with simple twine thread, is venerated like the batton of a general; and truly it does soldier-like execution, having mauled more white coats than ever fell at the battle of Blenheim.

This small stick of his, has wonderful virtues in it, and seems little inferior to the rod of Moses, of miraculous memory; it has cured more of the scurvy, than the doctor, and made many a poor cripple take up his bed and

walk; ſometimes it makes the lame to ſkip and run up the ſhrouds like a monkey; but what is moſt wonderful, it makes heavy-arm'd fellows tumble up from below, contrary to the tendency of all heavy bodies, which tumble downward.

He diſtributes his drubs with the ſame equity that the captain does his favors; for when he calls for men from below, and calls more than once, he is ſure to beat the firſt and readieſt that comes up, whilſt the ſkulkers that lag behind always ſave their bacon.

But he is then moſt terrible in the captain's preſence; let Jove but ſay the word, and ſtraight he begins to execute his judgments, darting his rattan thunderbolt. Alle Volles, at the caſe-hardned ſkulls of the quaking ſailors.

And yet this ſame tool of his is but a mere ſugar-candy-ſtick, in compariſon to his cat of nine-tails. Cerberus is not more dreadful to the dead, than this cat is to the living; but indeed ſhe is never looſe, but by order of the commander, who many a time laſhes a man out of the ſame itch of fancy, that he cats a woman.

But were his call, ſtick, and cat too, all thrown overboard, he yet would diſtinguiſh himſelf by his throat, for no aſs in Chriſtendom brays like himſelf; he varies his notes to the occaſion, and ſometimes it is ſo unaccountably terrible, that the poor ſimple ſort of tars will run from it, like country dogs from the horn of a ſowgelder.

But a thorough paced ſailor, makes a large allowance between his tongue and his ſtick; oaths and horrid threats are but wind, they cry, and they value no ſuch puffs, if they can but weather a beating.

'Tis that right-hand of his that gets him doubly more than what his ſettled pay amount to; for almoſt a third of the ſhip's crew are more or leſs in fee with him, making their purſes compound for their heads and ſhoulders.

The truth is, he is a terrible ſcarecrow to all but thoſe that are in fee with him, and they ſeem to dread him worſe than hell; for they will ſometimes give each other to the devil, but never are they once ſo wicked in their anger, as to wiſh the boatſwain may take him into his clutches.

He is a damned thundering fellow, that is certain, and often gives the purser a fair pretence for his bad beer, alledging, that the boatswain sours it with his bellowing.

He is as noisy about trifles as the lieutenant, and it much better becomes him: He shall roar forth death and destruction about the hoisting of a water-cask, and makes as much clamour about the dropping of a dog's turd, as falling of a topmast.

He may boast with Cæsar, that he can call every man by his name, for he dignifies all his umbra's with the title of dog, rogue, or rascal; and they will answer to it more readily, than if he gave them more christian epithets.

He has a thousand pretty phrases and expressions picked up at Billingsgate, and elsewhere, which he never sends abroad without bedecking them with all the embroidered oaths and curses that can be had for love and money.

His drinking much sup makes him woundy subject to the vapours; vex him then, and he shall swell and sputter like a roasted apple, and you can no more handle him, than hot cockles.

He has wit in his liquor, that is certain, for though he is often tipsy, it is at other mens cost. He loveth frugality like pease-pudding, and hoards up his pence as a farmer does muck, to better his copyhold when the season offers. Money, he tells you, will purchase better than a winding tackle, and is able to hoist the heaviest dunce in the fleet, to the topmast head of preferment.

He is a great admirer of good cheer, and being a very near neighbour to the cook-room, there is nothing of good can come there, but he smells it out immediately, and it will go plaguy hard if he miss a snack of it.

He measures his prosperity by the dimensions of his corps, and his hopes of preferment swell in proportion to his belly. A burly carcase he believes a grand qualification, and the best recommender to a commission. A lean body in a captain, he thinks as ugly as a lean quarter in a sheep; and he cannot comprehend that foolish saying, (A tall man in a little body.)

He takes impudence to be a true token of inward courage, and sauciness the proper right of a freeborn Eng-

liſhman; and it is much eaſier breaking his head, than breaking him of either.

He has pride enough to qualify him for a Captain, and often perſuades himſelf he ſhall be one, becauſe worſe boatſwains than he have come to be ſo before him.

He fancies himſelf the only beſt ſailor in the ſhip, and would have you believe, that ſhe had periſhed a hundred times, had he been from her; not but that he will allow his ſuperiors on board to be tolerable good navigators, and ſo forth. But, alas! they want the main point; for ſhew me the gentleman, cries he, that can knot or ſplice, or make a pudding as it ſhould be?

The plain truth is, he is a rare fellow in his way, and a very Buſby in all ſea language; but rigging is his maſterpiece; he ſhall caſt you a knot, whip-ſtitch, in a twinkling, as intricate as the Gordian one; and for running a nooſe, Jack Ketch is but a fool to him.

He mortally hates your gentlemen volunteers; it is barbarous, he cries, to have the bread thus picked from our mouths by little Tom Eſtenors; and wonders why they'll be ſuch blockheads to expoſe themſelves to ſeas and bullets, when they may ſuck their paws at home in a whole ſkin.

He merits a like commendation with the wiſe ſteward in the goſpel, and yet, after all, he will tell ye, he is as honeſt a man as any in the navy, diſparagement to no man.

Peruſe his expence-books, and you'd wonder how the devil the ſhip got ſafe home; for he makes more expences of ropes and canvas in one ſummer's expedition, than a whole Eaſt-India fleet in two twelve months. But all muſt be right and juſt, that is certain, for the captain has ſet his hand to the truth of it.

He muſt certainly believe there can be no ſuch thing as hell-fire under ſalt water, elſe he would never be giving himſelf ſo often as he does to the devil; but how frequently ſoever he damns himſelf, he is ſure to damn others much oftener. In ſhort, he is a fellow that will throw away ten times more oaths and ſtrokes in hoiſting out a barge, than in boarding an enemy.

But z——ds, he'll cry, what would you have me do? A man without noiſe, is a thing without a ſoul, and fit for nothing but a piſſing-poſt. And yet, after all his ſputter and din, let him but once reach the mark he aims at, of being boatſwain to a firſt rate ſhip, and he ſhall ſtraight give out, and become as lazy as an old penſioner.

A SEA COOK,

HAS been an able fellow in the laſt war, and had been ſo in this too, but for a ſcurvy bullet at La Hogue, that ſhot away one of his limbs, and ſo cut him out for a ſea-cook. But how diſabled ſoever he be himſelf, his mate is a rare ſtick of wood for a furnace.

The captain's cook and he are oppoſites, as well in their practice as in their habitations, and ſeldom or never make incurſions into each other's provinces.

His knowledge extends not to half a dozen diſhes; but he is ſo pretty a fellow at what he undertakes, that the bare ſight of his cookery gives you a bellyfull.

He cooks by the hour-glaſs, as the parſons preach ſermons; and will no more ſurpaſs one punćto of time, than a ſcrupulous virtuoſo in the concoćtion of his ſtomach, or an alchymiſt in the cooking of his grand elixir.

All his ſcience is contained within the cover of a ſea-kettle. The compoſing of a minced pie is metaphyſicks to him; and the roaſting of a pig as puzzling as the ſquaring of a circle.

Not but that he has an admirable hand at ſqueezing of ſilver from beef-fat; which he does with as much dexterity as a quack does gold from a dog's turd; and though the extraction be very groſs, it is yet ſo well refined, that it does not in the leaſt ſmell of the kettle.

He has ſent the fellow a thouſand times to the devil that firſt invented lobſcouſe, but for that lewd way of waſting greaſe, he had grown as fat in purſe as a Portu-

mouth alderman, and made his ſon ſeven years ago a downright gentleman.

He is never ſo hungry as to lick his own fingers, nor ſuch a fool as to wipe them on his breeches, but he ſweeps off the luſcious ſtuff as cleverly as a dairy-maid does her butter, and firkens it up as carefully.

The purſer, when at a low ebb for butter, helps out his ſtock by a dextrous mixture with the cook's ware; and as for candles, he can never be in the dark, ſo long as the cook has any fat about him, with which he makes lights to lighten the Gentiles, to the glory of his ſaving invention.

Tho' ſalt water's the element that ſupports him, yet he can no more live without fire than a ſalamander: were this once extinguiſhed, Old Nick and he might return to Terra Firma, and go a grazing for a ſubſiſtance.

He is an excellent meſs-mate for a bear, being the only two-legged brute that lives by his own greaſe; but tho' he be no lean ſcab, yet he's very rarely purſy; and no wonder, for there's near as much ſtuff drops from his carcaſe every day, as would tallow the ſhip's bottom.

Moſt people imagine him a very louſy animal, and yet he is as little moleſted with that vermin as a dutcheſs; for that roving tribe being naturally, as ſoon as they can but creep, inclined to travel, are ſure to meet with ſuch fat entertainment in the adjacent territories of his tattered apparel, that, like prudent Caledonians, they never once return again to their native country.

Though he's born within the pale of the church, few would think him a Chriſtian, he's ſo wholly given over to the works of the devil; for Lucifer himſelf can never be more buſy than he every day in burning, boiling, and broiling. The real truth is, any one would gueſs him to have been ſeven years apprentice to the prince of darkneſs; for he is never without a pair of tormentors in his hand, and the devil in his mouth; and his phiz ſo everlaſtingly reeking with ſweat and greaſe, as if he was come piping hot from Old Nick's kitchen.

If ever he prays it is in a morning faſting, and that is to ſome tag-rag, to fetch him a little ſhip-beer, for his

tongue and palate are ſo parched as if he had been all night bed-fellow with Dives Truly one ſo eternally toaſting before the fire, muſt be very cruſty.

Though he wants cooling breezes the moſt of any, he had rather have one bottle of brandy than a ſhip-load of Stamford air at any time. He ſucks in ſmoak like a Virginia planter, and is every morning hanging his head over the unctious ſteams of the cauldron, as the wits at Will's do over coffee; which, circulating round his cranium, limbecks out at his noſe again, to the great refreſhment of his underſtanding.

Though he never wears gloves, his hands are as white as his forehead, yet his chin is very often cleaner than either, for he is ſhaved once a moon to be ſure, and then his face looks like the lady Luna indeed, in her firſt quarter, the lower hemiſphere of his phiz looking as bright as a clean ſcoured frying-pan, or the poſteriors of a ſcalded hog, or whiter. But as for the reſt of him, he's all of a piece; the very ſight of him is a breakfaſt to a hungry ſoldier, and his ſmell as good as aſſa fœtida to a girl in fits of the mother.

In fine, he is ſo everlaſtingly encompaſſed with ſmoak; and his face ſo caked over with ſoot, that —— But hold, ads death, the rogue, with his green billets, has raiſed ſuch a funk in the fore-caſtle, that the devil himſelf cannot ſtay to draw him longer; yet he that has ſeen the one, may eaſily know the other, when he meets him, Old Nick and a ſea cook being far more alike than a collier.

A MIDSHIPMAN,

IS the firſt-rate line in a ſhip towards the top-maſt-head of preferment; for all admirals, as well as captains, are obliged to begin their riſe here.

The quarter-deck is his ordinary ſtation, which, in a winter's night, he traverſes, hank for hank, a thouſand

times over in a watch, without losing one inch by leeway, provided he be not overladen.

'Tis hard to say, upon a moderate gale, whether he or the ship go fastest. When the bell once rings, his cruise is over, and he comes to an anchor in Sot-bay, to re-water.

As he has more grains of understanding than a common sailor, he is allowed more pounds of cash for it; and yet, at the year's end, there is not a pin to choose betwixt their purses; for he always lives up to the dignity of his character.

He will have no familiarity with any liquor below slip, and contemns every thing that's under linsey-woolsey. He will have a whore of fashion, though he pay for it, and he's sure to pay for it indeed; for silk petticoats are not to be had for the up-taking.

He enjoys more variety of females than the grand seignior; for from Japan to Mexico is his seraglio; but generally, after he has tried all things, he takes up at last with the old rule, and holds fast to that which is good; and truly he rarely fails of being clinched to the best in Christendom.

Though he be elevated in preferment, quarter-deck height above a foremast-man, yet, to balance accompts (as all sublunary things are disposed by weight and measure) he's one half of his days depressed under the other's feet, being birthed in that infernal cell the Orlope, where he that can chose to live contentedly need never trouble his head what lodgings are chalk'd out for him in the other world.

He distinguishes himself on a clear day, by carrying a fore staff, which, though not the tenth part of a Tom T——dman's pole, he is yet prouder of it. With this he fancies he does wonders, when, God knows, it amounts to no more but only to solve that simple question, Where are we? which every child in London can tell you.

Though he commonly passes for a lewd spark, yet he's every now and then correcting his course. He must needs be a fellow of sure footing, for so diffident is he of his ways, that he won't trust his own eyes even at noon-day, but when the sun shines.

But tho' he's beholden more to Sol than a quaker to his inward light, he is yet so ungrateful, ill-bred a pimp, as constantly to turn his arse upon that glorious benefactor then, when he most of all befriends him.

He's elevated as high as Flamstead in his own conceit, and is oftentimes shewing you a sample of his ingenuity. He can prove the purser a rogue by Gunter's scale, and compose a bowl of punch by the rules of trigonometry. There is no controversy but he determines with fractions; and is very often teaching common dunces the rules of division at his own cost.

But he values himself most upon keeping a judicious account of the ship's way. If his reckoning in a long voyage jump with his land fall, he's as exalted a poor rogue as that old mathematical conjurer, with his Oureke, Oureke, and you may cut his stones from him that moment without any perception.

But besides these labours of his pen and brain, he keeps record of all accidents worth observation, and to be sure, all his are weighty notices, when he entitles change of wind and weather, remarkable occurrences.

He's weather-wise enough to foresee winds and bad weather, but is never so wise as to lay up for a rainy day, and hence it comes that he seldom has his coat cut to his cloth, which occasions him oftentimes to go without a pocket. But to rectify this want, which is his aversion, he turns his surtout into a lousy jacket, which turns him afore the mast directly, for to walk the quarter-deck in quirpo is to walk against the rules of the navy.

He can no more be without chalk than an alewife, and, like her too, is every day given to double dealing, for every twelve he shall count twenty-four, and impudently swear you down that it is no false reckoning.

He's one that sometimes passes under the discipline of the cane or fist, that is, whenever he is guilty of that great sin of omission, of not giving timely notice of the captain's going from, or coming into the ship. One or two rubbers for such a horrid negligence makes him ever after look as sharp out to all boats, as constables to the vizard-masks at the play-house.

His backward ſtars, and bad weather, puts him often upon curſing his ill made choice; and yet his beſt friends are apt to tell him, that if he had not tumbled into a ſhip, he had long ago dropt from the gallows.

The beſt of this order is commonly the worſt in the order. Formerly he had not his fellow; and being tickled on by the gentle ſpur of ambition, performed many pretty actions, and little works of ſupererogation; till finding at length, that kiſſing went all by favour, he e'en paul'd canſtan, and turn'd a ſociable ſot, like the reſt of his brethren.

THE CAPTAIN's STEWARD,

IS one that will grow as ſour as the very wine he ſells, to find himſelf placed at the fag end of a midſhipman; for he is ſome inches above him in his own conceit.

He values himſelf upon the reputation of being a ſharp fellow, and of turning every thing he fingers into gold. He is a great virtuoſo, that is certain, for he has been for many years a cloſe ſtudent in both the univerſities of Newgate and the Gatehouſe: and having at laſt paſſed his probation at the Old Bailey, was, (nemini contradicente,) adjudged a qualified perſon for any of his Majeſty's plantations; but conſidering the preſent juncture, and the great need that Europe might have of him, he came to have the navy aſſigned him for his portion. This is his origin, which ſoon ſprings to an envied grandeur; for the captain uſually caſting his eye upon him, and perceiving him, by I know not what private planetary marks, to be an engine, formed as it were by providence, for his uſe, immediately puts him upon probationary eſſays; and finding him anſwer to a T all the lines of his phiz, he eſtabliſhes him his ſteward directly.

Having thus wriggled himſelf into his captain's good graces, he endeavours to fix them, by following his leader

in all his paces; which he does so exactly, that in less than a twelvemonth he obtains that garland of praise, Like master, like man.

Various are the parts his charge consists of, but the chiefest branch is running of goods, and running of sailors: for these, and other such like valuable services, the king is made debtor to him midshipman's pay with a farther promise of a purser or gunner's warrant, if not a commission.

But he's too staunch a knave to trust to vain hopes and fair promises; so he takes care to make hay while the sun shines, and shuffles and cuts with every one that has to do with him.

He's indeed his captain's right-hand, wherewith he performs all his slights, and can no more be without him, than a bawdy-house without a pimp, or a ship without a long-boat.

He's a smart fellow at common arithmetic, and shall multiply ye pounds and shillings, without setting pen to paper. He pretends to no spherical problems, yet has mathematical magic enough to raise himself above the world, by the single rotation of a penny.

He has the best and quickest draught of liquors of all the other suttlers; for the tars like best to shelter themselves under the shadow of his wings, because they know well that their captain's to be found at the bottom of his accompts.

Though he drinks his master's health most of any, he's the readiest man living to make him sick with good liquor. 'Tis a fortunate day indeed if he gets him dead drunk; for then is the critical minute to nick him.

His master does oftentimes feel the rogue bite, and is ready to stab him for it; but he stands still upon his guard with that two-edged cutter, (I do by you as you do by the king; and so shake hands, brother.)

He makes a great difference betwixt knaves & knaves; a knave of sense is a man of repute, but a downright knave is a rogue without any consideration. Hence it is, that however he tricks his captain in other things, his plate and dishes are every day forthcoming; for he's resolved never to be a rogue where he's sure to pay for it.

He would make an excellent tide-waiter to a cuſtom-houſe, for he has bubbled ſo many of them himſelf, that ——; but he's gone——. The captain's bell calls him to uſher in the apple-dumplins; ſo let us e'en turn about, and view honeſt Jack the ſailor.

A SAILOR,

IS a ſharp BLADE indeed, if kept whetted with good diet; but bad uſage makes him as dull and uſeleſs as an old razor.

The better ſailor he is, he becomes the more lazy, and fancies himſelf like a ſheet-anchor, to be reſerved for deſperate occaſions; but his lazineſs does not ſo much proceed from his diſpoſition, as his diſguſt; for he has been an active pretty fellow, and would be ſtill, were he but fairly dealt with; but, a pox on't, cries he, the uſeful cur's made to turn the ſpit, whilſt my lady's lap-dog runs away with the roaſt-meat.

He troubles not his head with old or new ſtiles, but meaſures his ſpan of life by the moon; and wonders at the ſimplicity of Partridge, and the reſt of them, that ſtint our years only to twelve months. The king, God bleſs him; is the only almanack maker for his money, who honeſtly ſtretches them out to a baker's dozen.

His firſt labour in a morning is to hawl ope his eye-lids, for it coſts him many a rub with his paws, before he can make his top lights to ſhine clearly: after this, and a few hearty yawns, he crawls up upon deck, to the piſs-dale, where, while he manages his whip-ſtaff with one hand, he ſcratches his poop with the other; and gaping all the while aloft at the vane, if he finds it blow fair, he furls his brows, and curſes its inconſtancy moſt heartily; for there's no voyage to him like that of riding at anchor wind bound.

He loves ſhort voyages, as he does ſhort prayers; and it is hard to ſay which of the two he makes ofteneſt.

He had rather run upon the Goodwin than to Jamaica; and believes there is no croſs like the croſſing the equinoctial; for let the old ſophiſts dream as they pleaſe of torrid zones, for his part he has always found there very cold comfort.

And hence it is, perhaps, he creeps ſo near the ſun in thoſe regions; for he's ſure to ſteep maſt high above his wonted habitation.

He has a wife, that's certain, tho' he has the leaſt occaſion of any man living for one; for he has every thing made and dreſſed to his hand; and he that cannot be his own laundreſs is no ſailor.

But marry he muſt, becauſe his fore-fathers did ſo before him; and ſeldom does he miſs of an admirable breeder, for after the wedding-night, he may put up his tools and be gone; for he ſhall be ſure to find her cackling, tho' he come not home till three years after.

When ſalt water ſeparates them, they prove as good as an annuity to the poſt-office; for tho' ſhe can write no more than a mermaid, yet, by the help of ſome two-penny ſcribbler, ſhe will always return him a Rowland for his Oliver.

Their epiſtles run all in the ſame tone, Know one, know all; and truly it is worth your while to read one of them, which you may do without breaking up either ſeals or ſecrets; for it is the ſame old ſong of ſtark love and kindneſs, which they have piped to each other theſe many years, and all locked up under a piece of black pitch or roſin.

His whole truſt is on the wind and ſea, that are as inconſtant and treacherous as a woman, and he knows it; but what can a man do that is linked to all three by the chain of deſtiny; the beſt way is to look well out, he cries; and truly he truſts juſt to his wife's ſmiles as he would to a ſmooth ſea: he knows full well what a change in both an hour can produce.

He can no more ſleep in ſheets than in a horſe-pond; and put him into a feather-bed, he ſhall fancy he's ſinking ſtreight, and fall to ſwimming all weathers; but ſling him up in a hammock, and he ſhall lay a whole night as dormant as Mahomet hanging betwixt two load-ſtones.

If ever he is troubled with dreams, it is when he is reduced to very short allowance, and then truly he oft fancies himself a mauling off the roast meat in Smock-Alley; till unluckily he bites his fingers thro' greediness, and that wakes the poor slave, who is ready to weep, to find his stomach baulked so confoundedly.

His chief station is that hill of Parnassus, the forecastle; here he and his brother Jacks lie pelting each other with sea wit, and tofs jests and oaths about as thick and fast, as boys do squibs on a coronation-day.

No man can have a greater contempt for death, for every day he constantly shits upon his own grave, and dreads a storm no more than he does a broken head, when drunk. He has met so many escapes, that his mind is grown as callous as his palms, and he dreams no more that he shall be drown'd, than be damn'd: and yet he may meet with both, when he least thinks on't.

He looks then most formidable, when others would appear most drooping; for see him in bad weather, in his fur-cap and whapping large watch-coat, and you'd swear the Czar was returned once more from Muscovy; and yet he's never in his true figure, but within a pitch'd jacket, and then he is as invulnerable to a cudgel, as a hog in armour.

Nothing makes him droop like an empty brandy-bottle; whilst there's any thing in it, he sticks by't as close as the load-stone does to cold iron. Plenty of this, and a Mediterranean sun, makes him as dry and huskish in one summer, as a toasted biscuit; to the great discomfort of his disappointed doxy: who finds him more sapless than a squeezed lemon, and as unpalatable to her as chop'd straw in Spain to an English mare.

Let him rise ever so early, his stomach is sure to rise with him. His common breakfast is a salt mouthful, a dry dram, and a pipe of tobacco. Fortified with this infernal recipe, he is as insensible of our Northern blasts as a gun, or a knighthead.

He is not so nice as his superiors, who can drink nothing under right Nantz, or rum; he shall gulp ye down the rankest stinkibus with as good a gusto as a Teague does usquebaugh, and not be a doit the worse for it.

He is one that is the greateſt priſoner, and the greateſt rambler in Chriſtendom: there is not a corner of the world but he viſits, and yet the poor ſlave very rarely makes one ſtep beyond the ſight of his old habitation: but when he does get aſhore, he pays it off with a vengeance; for knowing his time to be but ſhort, he crowds much in a little room, and lives as faſt as poſſible.

His firſt care is to truck ſome old cumberſome coat or other for a good warm lining to his belly; and then to be ſure his courage is up, and he muſt have a bruſh with ſome veſſel of iniquity or other. He is ſure to board the very firſt he ſees and carries her ſtraight, without expence of ſhot or powder; but unlucky Fortune, that ſhould favor the bold, leaves him in the lurch; for inſtead of meeting with a purchaſe, he finds himſelf grappled to a ſire-ſhip, who ſets him into ſuch a flame in a twinkling, that all the water-gruel in the univerſe can't ſave him.

He is ſo often uſed to reeling at ſea, that when he is reeling drunk aſhore, he takes it for granted to be a ſtorm aboard, and falls to throwing every thing out at the windows, to ſave the veſſel of a bawdy-houſe.

His furlow is commonly but a night or ſo, and it is well for him it is no longer, for he needs but a week to ſpend a twelve-month's pay in reverſion. If he has a reverſion clear of incumbrances, it is a wonder, and makes him think upon pay-day much oftner than the day of judgment.

But after long waiting, it comes at laſt, and brings him a whole hatful of money. If he be ſober at that juncture, he is damnably puzzled in contriving ways and means how to ſpend it; but if, as he commonly is, elevated with ſlip, he ſcorns to ſpend one thought upon the matter, but ſtreight, while it is yet warm in his cap, fairly ſits down to the cards or hazard, and generouſly throws it all away before ſun-ſet.

If fortune runs on his ſide, he is not yet a teſter the better for it; it is below him to pocket up gains, he cries, and gallantly throws it about the deck like hail-ſhot. In ſhort while his Mammon laſts, he is a mad fellow, and is every now and then playing ſome dog's trick or other, for which he is ſoundly bit by a cat of nine tails; and yet ye ſhall

have him as proud of the wheele on his back, as a Holy-land pilgrim is of a Jerusalem print; so that there is no bringing him to his true temperatement again, but by subjoining the bilboes, with a week's dieting upon Adam's ale and dry biscuit. This effectually recovers him, and makes him as sober as a bishop; which is a convincing proof that water has far greater virtues than we imagine.

He constantly shuts up the week with a debauch; for he believes it is an unpardonable crime to neglect celebrating his wife's memory on Sunday eve; and of his true omission, this is the only one that he is never guilty of; for if he have money or credit, or but a rag to his buttocks, he'll part with all to have a soaking-bout that night, where he drinks to the memory of his concubine so heartily, that he quite drowns her in oblivion. It would be a shameful scandal to go off master of his legs upon that occasion; so down he drops at last athwart some greasy chest, and there he lies as dead as a door-nail, till raised to life again next morning by the dreadful doomsday sound of the boatswain: "Get up, all hands to prayers, and be damn'd." Up he gets straight at this, yet with such reluctancy, as if he was going to be damned indeed.

Thus, betwixt sleeping and waking, he crawls along to the place of worship, where he drops upon his knees or posteriors, as Providence best orders it, and falls most devoutly asleep again.

The sermon being shut up, he opens his eyes, for he awakes by a natural instinct, whensoever the boatswain pipes to dinner; away he marches with a better stomach to his rusty pork, than to the best spiritual diet in Christendom.

If he sprinkles any grace over the platter, it is a plain symptom that his maw is out of order; which is a misfortune that rarely befals him; but if he be in his ordinary trim, he begins the attack without ceremony, and neither asks for grace or mustard to his victuals.

He proportions his out of meat to the size of his platte, and both this and that he shuffles down together. He is as unacquainted with a fork as a mere horse; and while he has a rag to his arse he seems to make use of a napkin;